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"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!"—FROM THE PICTURE BY C. E. MARSHALL.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN.

A Supplement to the *London Gazette* of Friday was published on Saturday evening, containing the following letter from her Majesty the Queen, received by the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department:—

Windsor Castle, June 24, 1887.

"I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to and returning from Westminster Abbey, with all my children and grandchildren.

"The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days, in London as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.

"This feeling, and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task—often a very difficult and arduous one—during the remainder of my life.

"The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of the enormous multitudes assembled, merit my highest admiration.

"That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer. VICTORIA R and I."

The last week's publication of the *Illustrated London News* contained an account of the proceedings in London on Tuesday, June 21, the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the throne; the festive decorations in the streets, the Royal procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, the Thanksgiving service performed in the Abbey, the return procession to the Palace, and the street illuminations at night; also, the assemblage of schoolchildren next day in Hyde Park, where the Queen passed among them, on her road to the Paddington railway station, in leaving town for Windsor. The special illustrations of these memorable scenes given in the same publication were a Portrait of Queen Victoria, from the latest photograph; an Engraving of the largest size, equal in dimensions to four ordinary pages of this Journal, displaying the interior of Westminster Abbey, in correct architectural details, with the Royal and Princely part of the congregation and the officiating prelates and clergy engaged in the solemn religious service; a double-page Engraving, which presents a bird's-eye view of the eastern part of Hyde Park with the children's fête on the Wednesday afternoon, when the Queen's carriage was passing through; and successive stages of the Royal carriage procession on the Tuesday, leaving Buckingham Palace, passing Hyde Park-corner, descending Regent-street at Piccadilly-circus, passing the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo-place, traversing the south side of Trafalgar-square, whence it descended Northumberland-avenue, approaching Westminster Bridge along the Victoria Thames Embankment, and arriving in the Broad Sanctuary at the west door of the Abbey, which last scene was the subject of a double-page Engraving; also, the returning procession as it went up Whitehall; and there were illustrations of the Bank of England illuminated at night, and the illuminations of the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. We continue, this week, the series of illustrations of the Queen's Jubilee, completing those of the Royal family, the Court, and its illustrious foreign visitors, the scenes in the Abbey, and the metropolitan festivities and decorations; to which are now added some of the corresponding exhibitions of loyal sentiment in provincial cities and towns, and the kindling of beacon-fires on the Malvern hills, on Leith Hill in Surrey, and on Arthur's Seat and Craiglockhart in the vicinity of Edinburgh. It is needful to supplement our former account with some descriptive particulars of these various incidents of the national celebration; but a whole volume might be filled with details of all that was done throughout the United Kingdom, and with the reports which quickly arrived of simultaneous festivities in the British colonies, and among British subjects residing in foreign countries.

Directing our attention, in the first instance, to what belongs to the share of her Majesty personally, and of the Royal family and her guests from foreign Courts, in the splendid commemoration of this interesting occasion, we shall next describe a few of the most striking features of the festal display in London, especially the illuminations of streets and buildings, represented in our Engravings this week.

THE PROCESSIONS.

The order of the Queen's carriage procession, in going from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey, and in returning by a route partly altered, was precisely indicated in the account which has been given. There were the ten carriages occupied by the ladies and gentlemen in attendance on Royalty, and some of the Royal children; but the Queen's State carriage, drawn by six cream-coloured horses, in which her Majesty was seated with the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess of Germany, was escorted by sixteen Princely horsemen, attired in different military uniforms, who were the Queen's sons, her sons-in-law, and her grandsons or husbands of her granddaughters. This was unquestionably the most novel feature of the procession; and it was, next to the appearance of the Queen herself, with the two illustrious and amiable Princesses who shared her carriage, the most interesting sight in the streets that day; for it had the aspect of chivalry, and of gallant, manly brotherhood, composed as it was of men, young and middle-aged, fathers and sons, all in filial relationship to Queen Victoria, and nearly all of them holding military rank. One of them, a great and famous commander in the mightiest wars of his time, was the Prussian Royal and Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, wearing the white uniform and helmet of a Cuirassier of the Prussian Guards, with a Field-Marshal's bâton in his right hand. The Grand Duke of Hesse, in a General's blue uniform, rode beside him to the right, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in a British General's red uniform, to the left. Prince Albert Victor of Wales, in the blue and gold of a Lieutenant of the 10th Hussars, had Prince William of Prussia on his right hand, and the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia on his left. Prince George of Wales, in the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, rode between Prince Henry of Prussia and the Hereditary Prince of Grand-Ducal Hesse. Then came Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, with the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen and Prince Louis of Battenberg, the last wearing his British naval uniform, with the cocked hat and epaulettes of his rank as Commander. Prince Henry of Battenberg followed, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Princess Beatrice battalion of the Hampshire Volunteers. The Marquis of Lorne, in the Highland Light Infantry uniform of the Glasgow Volunteer

battalion, of which he is Colonel, had ridden out with the procession, but was accidentally dismounted in going up Constitution-hill, and, in changing his horse, lost his place in the cavalcade of the Princes; he went alone by Birdcage-walk, met the procession at the Abbey, and was with it on the return route to the Palace. The Prince of Wales, in the full uniform of a Field-Marshal, with the Duke of Edinburgh, in that of an Admiral, on his right hand, and the Duke of Connaught, in the uniform of a Major-General, on his left, rode nearest to the Queen's carriage.

The greater number of her Majesty's foreign guests, including four Kings and several Crown Princes, were in the closed carriages that went from the Palace to the Abbey shortly before the Queen's procession of open carriages moved thither; but, in coming back from the Abbey, they followed the Queen. They were the King of Denmark, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King of Saxony, and the King of Greece; the Imperial Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, the Duke of Aosta (representing his nephew, the King of Italy), the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, the Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal; the Crown Prince of Greece, with his young brothers; the Infante Don Antonio and the Infanta Donna Eulalia of Spain, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, a Prince of Bavaria, a Prince of Baden, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Princes and Princesses of Saxe-Weimar, Anhalt, Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and other German princedoms; nor should we forget those from Persia, India, and farthest Asia; a Prince of Siam and a Prince and Princess of Japan; and Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii, with a Princess bearing another soft liquid name, from the isles of the Mid-Pacific Ocean. The great Mahratta Prince Holkar, of Indore, Central India, the Rao of Kutch, the Maharajah of Kooch-Bihar, and several other Indian Rajahs or Chiefs, most gorgeously attired, were conspicuous among the congregation in the Abbey. We believe that venerable English church never before held such a collection of distinguished representatives of such diverse foreign States and nations.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The religious service, to which all, even the natives of Asia, seemed reverently attentive, consisted of thanksgiving and prayer, with appropriate choral music. It was read by the



FRONTISPIECE OF FORM OF PRAYER USED BY THE QUEEN AT THE JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, and the Bishop of London. There were special prayers composed by the Archbishop for this occasion, two of which our readers may like to peruse:—

Almighty God, we humbly offer unto Thy Divine Majesty our prayers and hearty thanksgivings for our gracious Sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, unto whom Thou hast accomplished full fifty years of Sovereignty. We praise Thee that through Thy grace she hath kept the charge Thou gavest her in the day when Thou didst set the crown upon her head, bidding her "to do justice, stay the growth of iniquity, and protect the Holy Church of God; to help and defend widows and orphans; to restore the things gone to decay; maintain the things that are restored; punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; to keep the royal law and lively oracles of God." We bless Thee that Thou hast heard through sorrow and through joy our prayer that she should always possess the hearts of her people. And we humbly pray Thee that for the years to come she may rejoice in Thy strength, and at the resurrection of the just enter into Thine immortal kingdom. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, Who didst call Thy servant Victoria, our Queen, as at this time to the throne of her ancestors in the governance of this realm; we yield Thee humble thanks for the abundance of dominion wherewith Thou hast exalted and enlarged her Empire, and for the love of her in which Thou hast knit together in one the hearts of many nations. We praise Thee for the swift increase of knowledge with power for the spreading of truth and faith in her times, and gifts above all that we could ask or think. And humbly we beseech Thee that, overmastering both sinful passion and selfish interest, and being protected from temptations and delivered from all evil, the unnumbered peoples of her heritage may serve Thee, bearing one another's burdens, and advancing continually in Thy perfect law of liberty, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The text and programme of the whole service had been printed for the use of the congregation, and the copy placed in the hands of the Queen was ornamented with a frontispiece the design of which is shown in our Illustration. The printers are Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

The scene in the Abbey as the Queen's procession walked up the nave to the dais, immediately under the lantern of the building, in front of the altar, where the Coronation chair had been placed, with the seats for the Royal family and those in their company, was very impressive. It is shown in our double-page Engraving this week. Her Majesty was preceded by the Princes of her family, grandsons, sons-in-law, and sons, who are named above, with her son-in-law the Marquis of Lorne joining the Princes; they walked here in the same order, three and three, in which they had ridden in the street procession, the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, being last, while the central places of the other threes, in front of the Prince of Wales, were occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince George of Wales, and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. Nine of the Princes wore the ribbon and badge of the Garter. Then came Sir Albert Woods, Garter King of Arms, as usher to her Majesty, who walked, as it were, alone, with the Earl of Lathom, her Lord Chamberlain,

attending her on one side, and the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, Lord Steward, on the other side. The Queen wore a black satin dress and a white lace bonnet, with diamonds and pearls, the ribbon and star of the Garter, and the orders of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the Red Cross. She was followed by the Princesses, walking in couples—namely, her daughters and daughters-in-law, the Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess of Wales; Princess Helena (Christian of Schleswig-Holstein) and Princess Louise (Marioness of Lorne); Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg) and the Duchess of Edinburgh; the Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany; then her grand-daughters and other junior connections; Princess William of Prussia and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen; Princess Louise of Wales and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia; Princess Maud of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales; Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret of Prussia; Princess Irene of Hesse and Princess Louis of Battenberg; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and one little boy, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, in all twenty-four. The total number of those belonging to the Queen's family, including her sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and her grandsons or grand-daughters by marriage, amounted to forty-three in this procession in Westminster Abbey. What Queen in the world has been so rich in offspring, and has had such good cause to rejoice in her many children? She was perfectly justified in kissing them all round, there in the Church, immediately after the conclusion of Divine service, beginning of course with the Prince of Wales. The Crown Prince of Germany and the Grand Duke of Hesse, who had, when their turn came, simply knelt and kissed her hand, were afterwards called back to receive from her Majesty kisses on their cheek as motherly as she bestowed upon her youngest grand-children. Amidst the splendid publicity of that superb assembly, and with the consecrated pomp of that solemn ecclesiastical ritual, just finished, and still profoundly felt by every serious mind, a true Woman's heart, the source of the sweetest and holiest emotions, spontaneously overflowed; and so the central spectacle became that of an affectionate family party, which is far better than all the glory of all the Kingdoms on earth.

The returning street procession, up Parliament-street and Whitehall, along Pall-mall and up St. James's-street, to Piccadilly, was beheld with much gratification by multitudes who had not seen the Queen going to the Abbey. Our Illustrations of the scenes in these important West-End thoroughfares, with the street decorations which have been described, nearly complete the views of the daylight scenes in London upon the great occasion of Tuesday week.

THE LONDON ILLUMINATIONS.

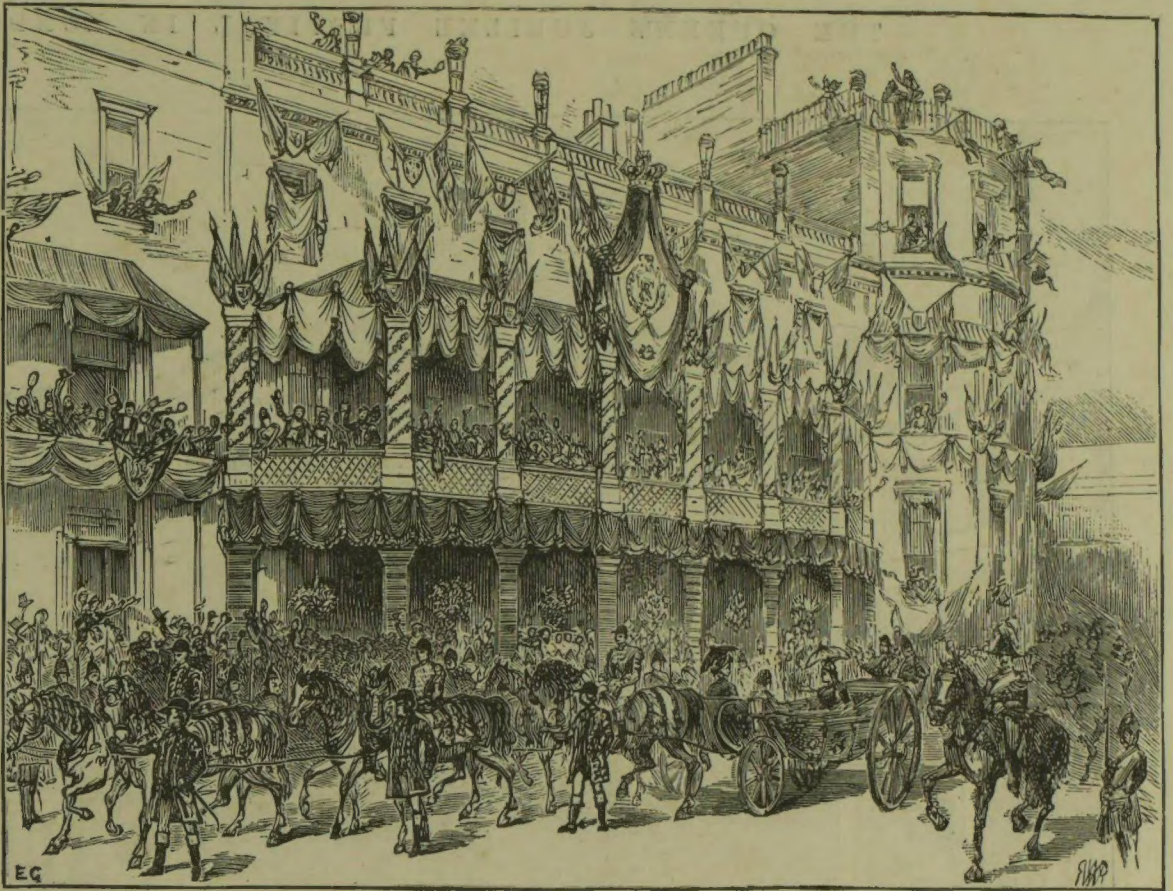
The summer night was turned into day by many thousands of Londoners; if the Palace slept, the million-peopled city, or a good part of it, scarcely did, but changed a few hours of natural darkness into festive artificial brilliancy and gay admiration of its ingenious devices. Gas-light, oil-light, lime-light, and electric-light were employed in various contrivances, in patterns more or less tasteful, giving an altered effect to the display of flags, coloured hangings, wreaths of foliage, and floral arrangements, on the fronts of the houses.

The illuminations prepared by Messrs. Defries for the principal City buildings have been mentioned, those of the Bank of England, the Mansion House, and the Royal Exchange effectively displaying the centre of City life. The Royal Exchange bore 25,000 oil-lamps of various colours; in front was a huge oval, formed of laurel wreaths surmounted by a Royal crown; on each side was a shield, with the arms of the City; the eight columns of the portico were girt with ascending serpentine lines of golden lamps, and at the top of each column was a garland of green lamps, tied with a blue bow. The pillars of the Mansion House front were likewise entwined with lines of coloured gas-lamps, and garlands of green and ruby lamps were placed at their heads; a large crystal medallion, with the Royal arms, was surrounded by the motto "Long live our Queen," and had an Imperial crown above it; the words "God guard your Throne," shone below the pediment. The Cornhill side of the Royal Exchange, and the Threadneedle-street side of the Bank of England, were also tastefully illuminated. In Threadneedle-street, the building of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company made a splendid show; its front was hung with festoons and tassels of green lamps and ruby ornaments; at the top was a scroll formed of rose-garlands, resting at each end upon baskets of flowers, with the arms of the Company; in the centre of the front was a stained-glass portrait of the Queen, in a crystal medallion, on each side of which similar portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, in smaller medallions, surmounted by plumes, were suspended from garlands of roses and fleurs-de-lis; the motto, "Long live our gracious Queen," the Star and Garter with its motto, and the letters V.R., were also exhibited here. The illumination of the Oriental Bank was one that attracted much notice. It has been observed that the newspaper offices in Fleet-street, that of the *Daily News* especially, contributed materially to the general impression. The *Times* office, in Queen Victoria-street, near Blackfriars Bridge, had its outline brilliantly defined by lines of coloured light. At 198, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church, the *Illustrated London News* office presented one of the most beautiful sights of the evening. A lime-light apparatus, high in the church tower, cast a soft but clear light, occasionally changing colour, across the street, on a white statue of the Queen upon the lofty roof, with a cascade of real water flowing at her feet; the front of the building displayed in immense letters, formed entirely of masses of flowers, on a white ground, the legend, "God bless our Queen;" flag-trophies were ranged above on each side; and the windows were filled with a charming arrangement of flowers. The orchids were lent by Mr. F. Sander, of St. Albans, the great orchid importer and cultivator, who provided the Queen's Jubilee bouquet of orchids, and whose collection at St. Albans should be inspected by all amateurs of that superb flower.

The theatres in the Strand were brilliantly illuminated. The Charing-Cross Railway Station and Hotel, and the Grand Hotel, used an abundance of coloured lamps to display the extensive frontages of those edifices. In Oxford-street, the premises newly occupied by Messrs. Pears and Co. exhibited the power of electric lighting with marvellous effect; the central object in their scheme of decoration was a well-painted portrait of the Queen, handsomely framed, nearly 20 ft. square, with the letters V.R., in gas wreaths, at its sides; beneath it was the quotation from Shakspeare, "A pattern to all Princes living with her, and all that shall succeed." Shields, with trophies of banners, relieved by scarlet drapery, were ranged on the wall, and the flags of England, America, and Australia, waved from the roof. Mr. Peter Robinson's premises, at the corner of Regent-street, likewise displayed a large painting of the Queen, with the British Lion at her feet, surrounded by her subjects of various races, under powerful electric light. The establishment of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, having frontages in Oxford-street, Vere-street, and Marylebone-lane, presented two distinct schemes of illumination. On the Oxford-street front, over the principal entrance, was a



PROCESSION IN ST. JAMES'S-STREET.



AT THE CORNER OF STRATTON-STREET, PICCADILLY.

very large laurel wreath with "God bless our Queen" in the centre, and "Jubilee, 1887," over it, V.R. and E.I. at the sides, and the Star of Brunswick at each end of this front; the windows were filled with palms, lilies, geraniums, and other flowers, and with evergreens, artistically arranged. The northern district, up Tottenham-court-road, is worthy of notice; Messrs. Maple displayed an immense gilded crown, set with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, in their proper colours, and with pearls represented by white incandescent lights. Regent-street, Bond-street, and some of the streets between or adjacent to these—indeed, the whole region between Oxford-street and Piccadilly, afforded a variety of good illuminations. The London Stereoscopic Company showed, by an optical apparatus with lime-light, an alternation of dissolving pictures, in transparency, of the Queen in 1837 and in 1887.—A picture of the Queen, in electric light, was suspended over the road in Bond-street at the Grosvenor Gallery. At the corner of Bruton-street, Messrs. Hancocks, the Royal jewellers, had placed in every window a massive silver candelabrum, with lighted candles, surrounded by small fairy lamps hung from invisible wires; and the outside of the building was decorated with garlands of evergreens and flowers, as well as with the Royal arms and other devices in gaslight. Mr. Breidenbach, of Bond-street, had jets of perfumed spray, "Wood Violet" perfume, thrown 50 ft. high, illumined by the electric light. The Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, showed incandescent lights; the Scottish Club, in Dover-street, exhibited the arms of Scotland in a crystal shield, with the Scottish crown. The clubs in Pall-mall and St. James's-street, and the private mansions of the nobility and other rich persons, in Piccadilly, in Grosvenor-square, and about Mayfair, handsomely joined in the nocturnal festival. The Junior Carlton Club, with its twenty electric lights, outshone other institutions; but the Junior United Service Club, of which we give an illustration, looked well. Devonshire House, along its front wall, showed a blaze of light almost overpowering. At the corner of Stratton-street, Piccadilly, the elegant decorations of Lady Burdett-Coutts's mansion, ruby velvet hangings and blue and white inner curtains on the first floor, were seen to still greater advantage by the aid of Chinese lanterns. At Hyde Park-corner, the illuminations of Apsley House and the neighbouring mansions attracted popular notice, which was soon diverted to those of Grosvenor-place, where the houses of the Duke of Northumberland, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., Sir Edward Guinness, and others, were magnificently lighted up. The illuminations at Kensington were significant, Kensington Palace being the Queen's birthplace; a triumphal arch had been erected in "the Old Court suburb," near the Palace gates.

THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

The Queen returned from London to Windsor on the Wednesday evening, after seeing the Children's Festival in Hyde Park. At the Windsor station, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant of the county, Captain Charles Meeking, High Sheriff, Viscount Curzon, M.P., Mr. Higgins, representing the Great Western Railway Company, and several members of the Slough Local Board, were waiting to present loyal addresses of congratulation. When her Majesty left the station, a guard of honour of the 1st Bucks Volunteers presented arms, and five or six hundred children of the British Orphan Asylum and other schools raised their voices in the National Anthem. Passing under a floral arch, the Royal carriages, preceded by a captain's escort of the Royal Horse Guards, drove to Eton. At Eton College, the cadets formed a guard of honour facing the main entrance, outside which were the Provost, Dr. Hornby, the Head-Master, Dr. Warre, and many of the assistant-masters, with Archdeacon Balston and Mr. Wilder, Vice-Provost,

who was a schoolboy at Eton when George III.'s Jubilee was celebrated seventy-eight years ago. Along the footpaths were Eton boys marshalled in due order by their masters. Behind them were tiers of seats occupied by ladies. From the parapet hung long silken banners, and the Royal Standard crowned the roof. The masters had draped their windows with banners of blue and silver, and flags were festooned across from trees to gables. As the Queen's carriage stopped, Dr. Hornby stepped forward to present the address; to which her Majesty replied. Then Mr. H. S. J. Thackeray, captain of the school, and Mr. H. Marshall, captain of the Oppidans, jointly presented an address from the King's scholars and Oppidans. Near Windsor Bridge a triumphal arch had been formed of racing-skiffs, oars, and flags by the Eton Excelsior Boat-Club; and at the entrance to Windsor was an arch decorated with cuirassiers' helmets and sabres in trophies, the battlements formed by helmets and bearskins of the Guards, and the arches hung with curtains of ramrods. On the low wall that bounds the grassy slope of Windsor Castle pedestals had been set up bearing heraldic lions and unicorns alternately, and each upheld a flagstaff from which rows of coloured lamps depended. Every house was gaily decorated; the streets were densely thronged with people, and lined with troops; the 1st Battalion

Coldstream Guards taking the post of honour in front of Henry VIII's Gateway. A gallery had been erected for the privileged spectators. The Queen was received by Prince Christian, Lord High Steward of the Borough, and having received a loyal address, presented by the Mayor, Sir Henry Simpson, which was inclosed in a handsome casket, she graciously replied. The statue of her Majesty, one of Mr. Boehm's most successful works, was unveiled by Mr. Richardson Gardner, M.P., the trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards sounding a loud fanfare, while the troops presented arms and the bells of St. George's clanged out a merry peal. The Royal procession moved on through Windsor streets to the Long Walk and thence to the Castle.

THE BEACON-FIRES.

A certain territorial unity was imparted to the national demonstration of rejoicing loyalty in the evening of the Queen's Jubilee Day, June 21, by the well-managed system of beacon-fires and signal-rockets communicating fiery tokens from place to place, on all the heights where they could be visible to each other, over a large extent of country in Great Britain. This ancient and primitive mode of spreading either glad or alarming intelligence, which is finely described in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus has bequeathed the name of "beacon" to many a cliff and hill in England; and the more frequent mountain summits of Wales and of Scotland, from time immemorial, have been associated with its once customary use. The well-known range of Malvern hills, said to form the backbone of the Midland counties, including the Herefordshire and the Worcestershire Beacon, afforded in the last-mentioned height, which is 1400 ft. above the sea-level, a site for the initial Jubilee beacon-fire, which, it had been announced, was to be the signal for the lighting of all the other beacon-fires on the highest points of ground all over the kingdom. The idea was started last January by the Worcestershire Jubilee committee, and the then High Sheriff of Worcestershire, Mr. Millward, took the matter in hand and organised a scheme for a general lighting-up of beacon-fires on the Jubilee night. The idea was at once approved in other counties, and the result was that a vast number, more than a thousand, beacon-fires were lighted in the fifty-two counties of England and Wales, including bonfires set ablaze by local associations in different parts of the country. It was arranged that Malvern should start the lighting up, a flight of rockets at the time of lighting up the beacon-fire on the crest of the highest point of the Malvern range being the signal for lighting all the other beacon-fires within the range of sight, which, in their turn, spread the signal north, south, east, and west. The Worcestershire beacon is immediately above Great Malvern, and a committee, with Colonel Twyman at its head, had collected old timber for the pile, of which we gave an illustration last week, and it was kindled by Colonel Twyman at half-past ten o'clock. To enumerate all the heights from which it was immediately answered would be an interesting lesson in British geography and topography, but would be far too extensive for our limited space. London had its beacon-fire on the highest ground of Hampstead-heath, taking the signal from Harrow-on-the-Hill. To the south-west, Leith Hill, beyond Dorking, the most elevated spot in the southern counties, nearly 900 ft. high, commanding the view of many distant hills in Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, was the dominating position. Kent, from Shooter's Hill near Woolwich, to the North and South Forelands, and to Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover, extended its festive flames to within sight of the coast of France. To the west, the Tors of Dartmoor, Plymouth Hoe, and the moors and headlands of Cornwall, showed their joy-fires to ships entering the Channel. The Welsh mountains and promontories, the

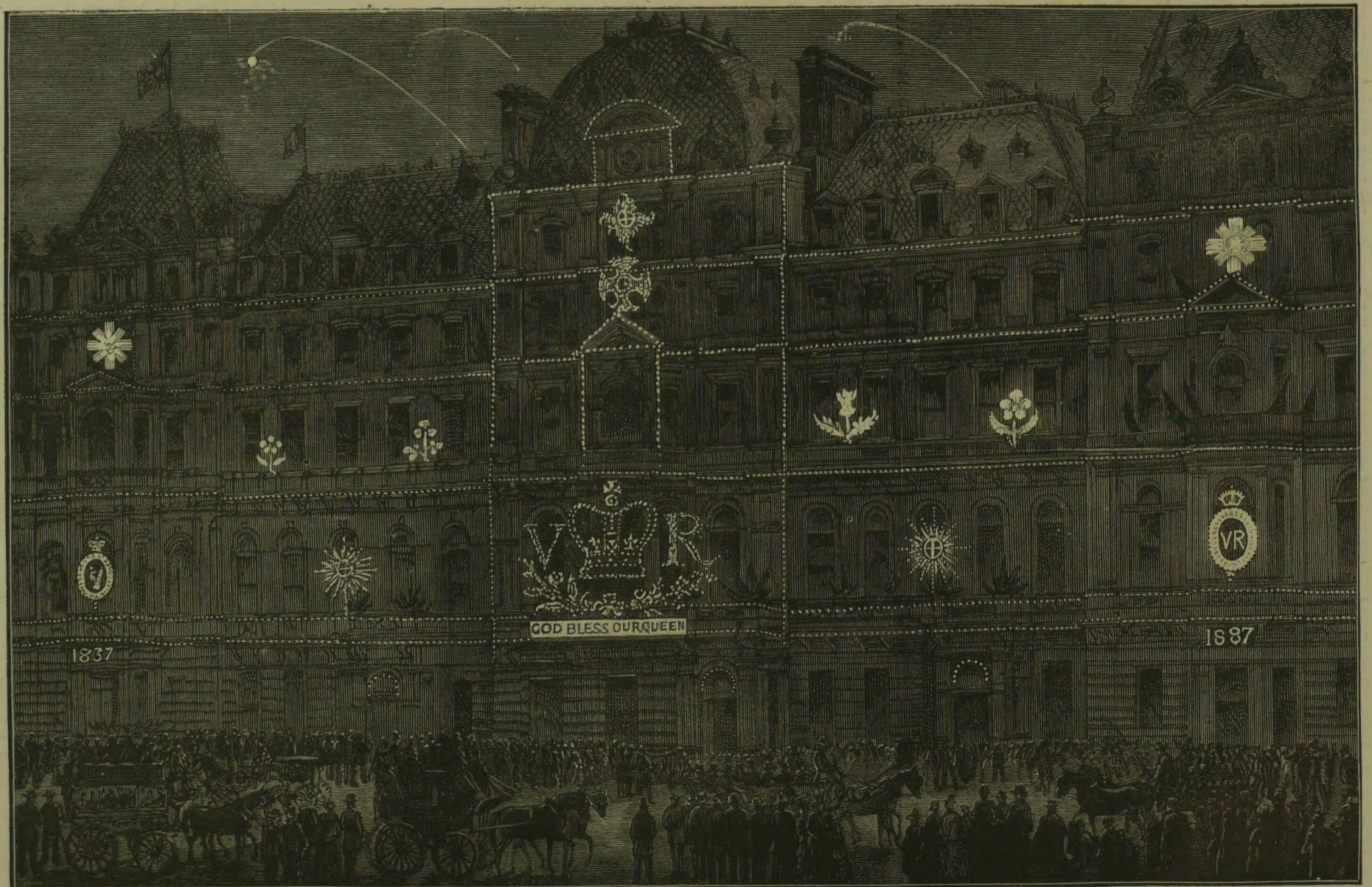


MESSRS. PEARS' ILLUMINATIONS, OXFORD-STREET.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL IN LONDON, TUESDAY, JUNE 21.



RETURNING PROCESSION IN PALL-MALL, OPPOSITE THE WAR OFFICE.



ILLUMINATIONS OF HOUSES IN GROSVENOR-PLACE.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL: ROYAL AND PRINCELY VISITORS.



THE KING OF SAXONY.



QUEEN KAPIOLANI OF HAWAII.



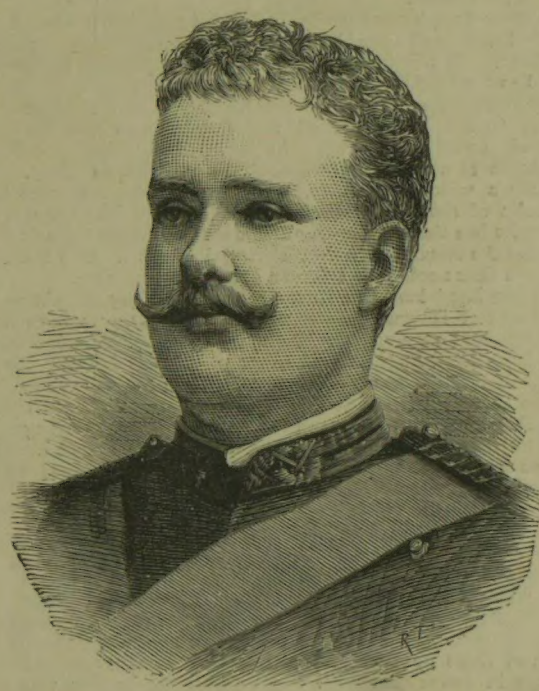
THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PORTUGAL.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.



DUKE D'AOSTA (BROTHER TO KING OF ITALY).



PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL GUESTS.

Albert Frederick, King of Saxony, was born April 23, 1828, and married, June 18, 1853, Princess Caroline of Wasa, daughter of Gustavus, Prince of Wasa, the last male descendant of that famous Royal house. The King of Saxony having no child, the heir to the throne is his brother, Prince George. The King, it may be remembered, was made a Knight of the Garter, by special mission, a few years ago.

The Archduke Rudolph, Prince Imperial of Austria and Prince Royal of Hungary, is the heir to the dual thrones, being only son of the Emperor Francis Joseph. His Imperial and Royal Highness, who is twenty-nine years of age, married, on May 10, 1881, Princess Stephanie of Belgium,

second daughter of King Leopold, by whom he has issue—a girl, born in 1882. The Prince, who holds the rank of Major-General in the Austrian Army, is one of the most talented and accomplished of the future Sovereigns of Europe, and is exceedingly popular with all classes. From his earliest youth he showed a strong predilection for the study of natural history, which caused him, later on, to select for his friend and companion the celebrated German naturalist, Professor Von Brahm. The Crown Prince is one of the most ardent sportsmen in Europe, and is a "dead" shot. There is no part of the varied provinces of which the Austrian Empire consists where he has not gathered hunting trophies; whilst his account of sport and travels in the East, recently translated and presented to the British public, bespeaks an observant mind and

Isle of Man, the fells of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the Peak of Derbyshire, and Blackstone-edge, Pendle Hill in North Lancashire, and Wharfedale in West Yorkshire, answered by the cliffs on the eastern coast, from Whitby to Berwick-on-Tweed, brought similar bright witness to the national Jubilee. It was taken up on many lofty summits in the south of Scotland, above Eskdale, Teviotdale, Ettrick, and Tweedside, on the Eildon, on Lammermuir, and on Arthur's Seat and Craiglockhart, in the vicinity of Edinburgh; away to Stirling, to Perthshire, to the Grampians, to Braemar, and to the Queen's Highland home at Balmoral. There were bonfires as far north as the Orkneys, but there is little night at midsummer in those latitudes, and the lingering daylight interfered with their proper effect.

facile pen. At the present moment his Imperial Highness is engaged on a literary work of some magnitude and importance—an historical, ethnographical, and naturalist record of all the provinces forming the Austrian Empire—in which task he is assisted by some of the ablest of his countrymen. To this work the Crown Prince contributes several articles. He has recently been invested by the Queen with the Order of the Garter.

Frederick William, or, as the Germans call him, Wilhelm, Prince of Prussia, is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany and his consort, Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain. His Royal Highness, who holds the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Prussian Army, was born Jan. 27, 1859. He was married, in 1881, to Augusta Victoria, a Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, and niece of Princess Christian, by whom he has three sons. This Prince appears to possess all the vigour of mind and strength of will that have distinguished the House of Hohenzollern.

Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Vermland, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, is the eldest son of Oscar II., and was born June 18, 1858. He married, in 1881, Victoria, Grand Duchess of Baden, and grand-daughter of the Emperor of Germany, by whom he has issue—three boys. It was intended that his German consort should have accompanied his Royal Highness to England, but the Princess was prevented by the precarious state of her health.

Charles, Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal, is the eldest son of Louis I. and Queen Maria Pia, sister of King Humbert of Italy. His Royal Highness was born Sept. 28, 1863; and married, last year, Princess Helena of Orleans, daughter of the Count and Countess de Paris—an event, doubtless, still fresh in everybody's mind, as it immediately preceded the expulsion from France of the Princes of the House of Orleans. Their Royal Highnesses have one son, heir to the throne of Portugal, a few months younger than his Royal brother of Spain, Alphonso XIII.

The Crown Prince of Greece, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, is the eldest son of King George of Greece, and thus heir to the throne, and a nephew of the Princess of Wales. H.R.H., who was born Aug. 2, 1868, has been educated for the Army, and is unmarried.

Prince Amadeus of Italy, Duke of Aosta, is the second son of the late King Victor Emanuel, and brother to King Humbert of Italy. This Prince, born in 1845, may perhaps be remembered as the ex-King Amadeus I. of Spain, having been elected to the throne of that country in 1870, but which he was, owing to the opposition of the Republicans and Carlists, obliged to quit in 1873, when he returned to Italy. The Duke of Aosta is a Lieutenant-General in the Italian Army. He became a widower in 1876, by the death of his consort, a Princess of the noble House of Del Pozzo della Cisterna, by whom he has three sons. One of his sisters, Princess Maria Pia, married the reigning King of Portugal, Louis I. The Duke of Aosta is thus uncle to the Crown Prince of Portugal.

Queen Kapiolani, the Royal consort of King Kalakaua I., Sovereign of Hawaii (the Sandwich Islands), was born Dec. 31, 1834, and received an English education. Her husband, who has visited England and other countries of Europe, is of the ancient native Hawaii Royal family, and was elected King by the Hawaii Parliament, on the death of King Lunalilo I. in February, 1874. The preceding five Kings, during the present century, all bore the name of Kamehameha. The population of the island kingdom does not exceed sixty thousand. They are tolerably civilised, and the Court religion is that of the Church of England.

THE JUBILEE IN THE COUNTRY.

We cannot in this week's publication, which is chiefly occupied with the metropolitan and official celebrations of the Queen's Jubilee, find space even to mention all the proceedings in many provincial cities and towns; but more notice will be taken of these next week. At Lincoln, the most remarkable feature in connection with the Jubilee celebration was the lighting of the Rood Tower of the Cathedral by electricity. For this purpose thirty-two arc lamps, each of two thousand-candle power, were used. There were extensive decorations and illuminations of many notable buildings in the city, and the effect was very fine, as shown in our correspondent's Sketch of the view from the south-east. The good old town of Boston also had its appropriate festivities. We reserve a fuller description, with illustrations also, of those in the city of York. It will be understood that almost every place in England and Scotland has done something worthy of this grand occasion.

The county of Kent, so near to the heart, and so intimately associated with the earliest history, of the English Kingdom, joined with great cordiality in the national Jubilee. At Canterbury, the chief feature of the festivities was a military-ecclesiastical pageant, the whole of the troops in garrison attending a special celebration of Divine service at the Cathedral. Both the Cavalry and the Buffs' bands were in attendance, and upon arriving at the south-west entrance to the Cathedral the "Gloria," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, was played while the troops were being seated. After an address by the Dean of Canterbury, the National Anthem was sung. Sports, which were witnessed by some thousands of persons, were held at the barracks in the afternoon, and the soldiers' wives and children were given a tea in the gymnasium. Beacon-fires were lighted upon three or four suitable spots in the neighbourhood. The Isle of Thanet, Margate, Westgate, and Ramsgate had a share in the general rejoicings of Kent. At Quex Park, Birchington, one of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, on the Monday, invited the children of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, with their teachers, to a picnic entertainment on the lawn. They seemed heartily to enjoy it, and they had voices, at least, sufficient to give loud cheers for the Queen. At Dover there was a procession of friendly and other benefit societies. In the afternoon there was a regatta in the bay, and the aged poor were entertained at a dinner at the Townhall. In the evening a novel event in the shape of a Venetian fête, with fireworks, took place in the bay. The ramparts of the castle were picked out with lamps, and while illuminations with gas devices and fancy lanterns of all descriptions were general throughout the town, a great bonfire was lighted on the top of Shakespeare's Cliff. Most of the vessels passing up or down the Channel during the day were decorated with flags. At Chatham there was a grand review of the garrison, and the towns of Chatham and Rochester were gaily decorated. Various sports were provided for the people, and at night Rochester Castle was illuminated with the electric light.

In the Isle of Wight, at Ryde, the Mayor and Corporation attended service at the parish church, and the old people dined together. The rest of the island towns entered fully into the day's rejoicing. Shanklin may almost be said to have taken the lead; the town was splendidly decorated; a free meal was given to all comers; sports and entertainments were provided throughout the day. At night the town was beautifully illuminated. At Ventnor there were processions, dinners to the aged, and tea and sports for the young, with a grand illumination at night. Bonfires were lighted on the hills of the island.

"THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!"

Our front-page Engraving, from the picture by Mr. C. E. Marshall, is a portrait of Mr. G. L. Smith, Yeoman of her Majesty's Royal Body-Guard, late Regimental Sergeant-Major 11th Hussars. He is President of the Balaclava Commemoration Society, which society has sent a congratulatory address to her Majesty on the occasion of her Jubilee. Other members of the society are Sergeant Lawson and Private Martin of the 11th Hussars, who signed the address with their left hands, having lost their right in the charge. Of the one hundred and three survivors, forty-five were wounded in the charge and eight were made prisoners of war.

CITY JUBILEE BALL AT GUILDHALL.

The Corporation of the City of London, in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, gave a grand ball last Tuesday night at Guildhall. It was managed by a committee, of which the Lord Mayor was chairman, and Mr. Henry Hicks was most active in directing the arrangements. These were similar, with some exceptions, to those of the ball given last year to the Exhibition delegates of the British Colonies; but the buildings on the Basinghall-street were annexed upon this occasion, by covered bridges connecting them with Guildhall, and there were eight rooms for dancing, with the library and the old Court of Bankruptcy. The old Council Chamber was again used as a supper-room, and a temporary crush-room was erected in the courtyard. The Art Gallery and Museum of Antiquities were opened to the guests. There were pleasant decorations of ferns, palms, and flowers generally all over the premises. The great hall had the main part of its floor inclosed by barriers of red cloth, fringed with yellow, and on a dais at the upper end were placed chairs, richly decorated, for the Royal and Princely personages who came amongst the company entertained by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. These comprised the King and Queen of the Belgians, the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise and Victoria of Wales, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany, with their two daughters, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Crown Prince of Portugal, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with the Grand Duke Sergius and Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, and Hessian Princes, and several of the other Royal visitors to her Majesty now in London, including Queen Kapiolani and a Hawaiian Princess, Holkar of Indore, and the Persian, Japanese, and Siamese Princes. Some of her Majesty's Ministers, the Lord Chancellor, the foreign Ambassadors, and many other distinguished persons were present. The hall and the adjacent apartments were lighted by Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson with the electric light. The band of the Hon. Artillery Company in the great hall, Messrs. Coote and Tinney's band in the library, that of the Royal Marines in the annexe, and that of Chevalier Zaverthal in the crush-room, made abundance of music. There was also glee-singing in the new Council Chamber. Refreshments were served not only in the principal supper-room, but in the crypt, the reading-room of the library, and in the courts at each end of the great hall. The Lord Mayor, Sir Reginald Hanson, and Lady Hanson, with the Sheriffs, Alderman Sir Henry Isaacs and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Alfred Kirby, received their guests in the library. Dancing began at half-past nine, and continued hours after the Royal visitors had left.

Sir J. Lubbock presided on Tuesday at the distribution of medals, prizes, and certificates gained by the students of the Charing-cross Medical School, and delivered an address.

The death-rate per thousand in London last week declined to 15.9—a lower rate than has been recorded since the last week of June, 1886.

We learn from New York that, in the Eastern Yacht Regatta, the Mayflower defeated the Galatea by 13 minutes 23 seconds. The course extended over a distance of thirty-six miles.

Last Saturday evening a conversazione was given by the East India United Service Club in honour of the Indian Princes who are at present in London. The club was very tastefully decorated and illuminated, and the apartments were crowded with guests until midnight.

The Dominion Parliament was prorogued on the 23rd ult. The Session was a successful one for the Government, who were not defeated on any Bill they brought forward. Railway extension in several directions was provided for, and the completion of inland navigation by the vote for the construction of the Sault Sainte Marie Canal.

Discussion took place at a meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society on Tuesday as to the future maintenance and housing of the society, and a resolution was adopted insisting upon the importance of immediately taking steps to secure accommodation for the society at the close of the year in some central situation in or near the city.

Her Majesty has fixed the 14th inst., at six o'clock, as the time when she will lay the foundation-stone of the Prince Consort statue in Windsor Park, as part of the Women's Jubilee offering. Arrangements have been made by which the chiefs in the collections in counties and municipal boroughs will obtain places for the ceremonial. This will be on Smith's-lawn, on the Ascot and Windsor roads, three and a half miles from Windsor and three miles from the Ascot and Egham stations.

A children's demonstration took place at Shrewsbury on Tuesday, in honour of the Jubilee. Between 5000 and 6000 scholars connected with the various day and Sunday schools paraded the town, and were afterwards regaled with tea. During the day, a congratulatory message was sent to the Queen on behalf of the combined Nonconformist Sunday schools, to which a gracious reply was received. The town was elaborately decorated, and was at night brilliantly illuminated.

In consequence of the Commemoration fixtures taking place in Oxford last week, the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee was wisely postponed until Tuesday. A varied programme was arranged, and it was carried out with complete success. The Mayor (Alderman Hughes) and Corporation, with the Vice-Chancellor (the President of St. John's) and University authorities, attended a special service at the cathedral, when an eloquent sermon was delivered by the Dean (Dr. Liddell). Subsequently, the Volunteers fired a *feu de joie* in St. Giles, and a merry peal was rung on the bells of the city churches. An ox was roasted whole, and at midday 1400 old men and women were entertained in the city buildings. In the afternoon about seven thousand children, accompanied by four bands, marched in procession to the University Park, where a bountiful tea was provided, followed by the various amusements. A village fair on a very extensive scale was held on Port Meadow, and was attended by thousands of persons. The proceedings concluded with a grand display of fireworks. The city was brilliantly illuminated and decorated in honour of the event.

THE COURT.

The Windsor festivities were resumed on Thursday in brilliant weather. An interesting feature in the rejoicings was the entertainment of upwards of 6000 children on the Royal demesne, dinner and tea being served beneath about eighty marquees erected in the Home Park near the Castle slopes. Grace was said by the Dean and Vicar of Windsor. The dinner consisted of roast and boiled beef and fruit pies. Swings, see-saws, and other recreations were provided in an adjacent meadow for the amusement of the juveniles. Her Majesty had previously reviewed one hundred suburban and provincial fire-brigades, who were drawn up on the Datchet-road. Yesterday week the Queen drove to Frogmore, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alix of Hesse. Many of the distinguished persons who attended the Jubilee celebration were invited to a State banquet, given by the Queen at Windsor Castle on Saturday last. Her Majesty sat with the Prince and Princess of Wales and Royal guests. Subsequently the Queen and company attended a concert given by students of the Royal College of Music in the Waterloo Chamber. The Queen received Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Mr. Harold Castle, head monitor, Mr. Henry Lowther, and Mr. Frederic Leatham, as a deputation from the boys of the Charterhouse, who presented her Majesty with a silver vase from the school. A Thanksgiving service was held on Sunday morning at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, when the Hon. and Very Rev. Canon Courtenay preached the sermon. A number of distinguished personages were present, including Sir Henry L. Simpson, the Mayor of Windsor. In the afternoon the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princes Albert Victor and George, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, attended the service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. Their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses sat in the stalls of the Knights of the Garter. There was a large congregation, the choir, nave, and north aisle being filled. The Dean of Windsor, Canons Courtenay and Dalton, and Minor Canons Tahourdin and Gilbert Edwards officiated. Handel's coronation anthem, "Zadok the Priest," part of the Accession service music, and the National Anthem were sung. The Royal party returned to London shortly after six o'clock. On Monday nearly a hundred delegates, representing municipalities, churches, learned and scientific bodies, friendly societies, and the fishermen of England and Scotland (the latter attired in their blue jerseys and sou'-westers) waited upon the Queen, and presented addresses congratulating her on the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign. In the evening her Majesty drove through Old Windsor, and received loyal addresses from the employés at the Royal Tapestry Works, and the Masters and students of Beaumont College. Tuesday was the forty-ninth anniversary of her Majesty's coronation. The Queen gave a garden-party in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Wednesday. About 6000 guests attended the fête, for whose shelter some thirty or forty marquees and tents had been erected. Several military bands played during the afternoon. About twenty-eight thousand metropolitan Volunteers march past the Queen at Buckingham Palace to-day (Saturday).

The Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark, the King of Saxony, the King of Greece, the Duke of Cambridge, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince George of Wales, and a great assemblage of European and Indian Princes went down to Aldershot on Thursday week, and were present at a review of troops. Nearly all the forces, under General Sir Archibald Alison, were on parade, and the official computation is that 11,828 officers and men and 2412 horses took part in the manoeuvres. As on the preceding days of Jubilee week, the weather was perfectly glorious, and the brilliant spectacle was witnessed by thousands. After the review luncheon was served in the Queen's Pavilion. Yesterday week the King of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke of Sparta and Prince George of Greece were present at a polo-match, 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars v. Hurlingham Club, at Hurlingham. The Prince and Princess received the Maharajah Holkar of Indore at Marlborough House in the afternoon. The Prince dined with the Earl of Fife at his residence in Cavendish-square to meet the King of Saxony. The King of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes, and the Princess of Wales dined with the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe at their residence in Grosvenor-square. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught called at Marlborough House. Prince Albert Victor and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith were admitted honorary members of the Merchant Taylors' Company. The Prince and Princess received at Marlborough House on Saturday last Prince Hissam-us-Sultaneh, first cousin of the Shah of Persia; Prince Komatsu of Japan, uncle of the Mikado; and Monsignor Louis Ruffo Scilla, Titular Archbishop of Pelta, Envoy Extraordinary from the Pope, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk. The Prince of Wales went to Victoria Station in the afternoon, to take leave of the Duc d'Aosta on his departure from London. The King of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse visited the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Grosvenor House, in the afternoon, and afterwards proceeded to Windsor on a visit to the Queen. The Duke of Sparta and Prince George of Greece went to Windsor Castle to dine with her Majesty, and afterwards returned to London. Prince Albert Victor accompanied Prince William of Prussia and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen on the occasion of their inspection of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, at Hounslow. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of Sparta, and Prince George of Greece visited a bazaar opened on Monday by the Comtesse de Paris in Willis's Rooms, in aid of various charitable works in Paris and of the French Chapel in London. The King of the Hellenes, the King of Denmark, and the King of Saxony were also among the visitors to the bazaar.

Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales went to Dublin on Monday attended by the Duke of Abercorn. Addresses were presented by the Commissioners of Kingstown and the loyal citizens of Dublin. In the evening the Princes dined with the Benchers at the King's Inns. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards attended the citizens' ball which was given at the Leinster Hall. On Tuesday the two Princes were present at a review in the Phoenix Park, after which they attended a Thanksgiving service in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Prince Albert Victor was subsequently installed a Knight of St. Patrick in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh entertained at dinner on Sunday evening the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince and Princess William of Prussia, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Prince Louis of Bavaria, and Prince Louis of Baden.

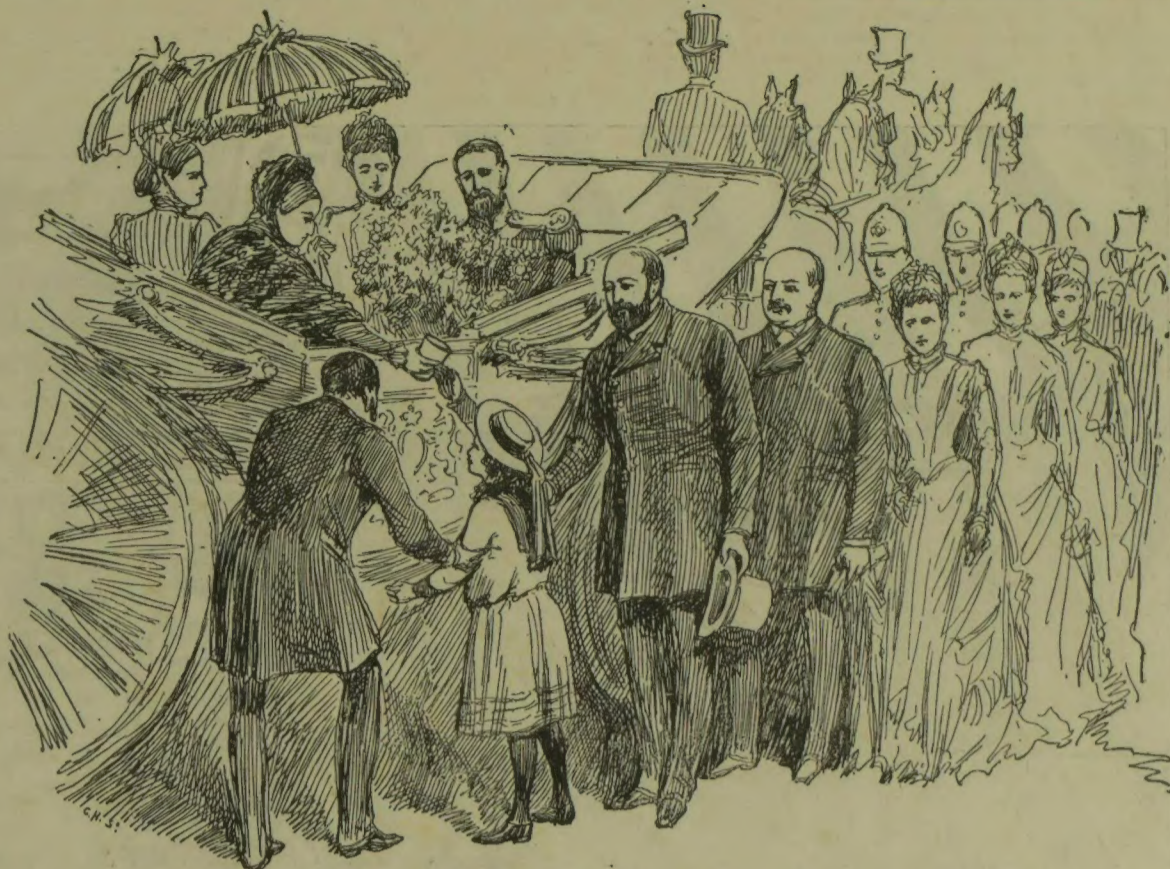
THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL IN HYDE PARK.

It was on Wednesday, last week, that twenty-six thousand of the children of the London Board schools and Voluntary schools were treated with a glorious holiday entertainment in Hyde Park, the remembrance of which—to be prolonged, in some of their minds, when they are old men and women, beyond the middle of the twentieth century; for many of these young people will outlive the year 1950—must ever be associated with the Jubilee of good Queen Victoria's reign. They will tell their own children and grandchildren how the Queen kindly came among them on that bright summer afternoon. It will indeed be a happy reminiscence for these London boys and girls after another half-century. It was a happy thought of Mr. Edward Lawson, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, to set on foot this kindly project, towards the cost of which he was a most liberal contributor. The Prince of Wales was chairman of the committee for its management. The Chairman of the London School Board, the Rev. J. R. Diggle, superintended the organisation of that part of the undertaking which concerned the Board schools. The services of many gentlemen skilled in conducting the movements of large numbers were usefully rendered in guiding the children to Hyde Park; and ladies of high rank, with numerous assistants, took charge of the refreshment tents. A variety of amusing shows and games were provided for the diversion of the children.

The children assembled about eleven in the morning in two divisions; one, which included schools on the Middlesex side of the river, meeting in Regent's Park, and the other, from the south side and from Westminster, in St. James's Park, from which places they were taken to Hyde Park. The Regent's Park division consisted of five brigades, each numbering about 2500: the first, of children from the City of London, being led by Mr. Edgar Vincent; and the second, of children from Finsbury Park and Marylebone, by Mr. Edmund Barnes, a member of the London School Board. The third brigade, from Marylebone and Hackney, was led by Captain Brodie, King's Royal Rifles; the fourth, from Hackney and the Tower Hamlets, by Captain H. W. Lawson, M.P., Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry; and the fifth, also from the Tower Hamlets, by Mr. W. Sheffield, late 2nd Life Guards, Drill Instructor to the London School Board; the whole being under the supervision of Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P. The brigade commanders were mounted; and to each brigade was attached a bugler from the Queen's Westminster Rifles, to sound the advance and halt, when necessary. The other division, of children from the south side of London and from Westminster, assembled in Birdcage-walk, under the supervision of Mr. Bennet Burleigh and Mr. J. T. Helby, of the London School Board, assisted by thirty sergeants from Wellington Barracks. Each brigade was headed by a band, and the children marched very well. Besides these two divisions, there was a smaller one from Chelsea, which met in Kensington Gardens, and marched direct to the Park.

The play-ground allotted to the children in the eastern part of Hyde Park was in the form of an ellipse, nearly a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad at the widest part. Around this space, at distances of five-and-twenty yards, had been erected Venetian masts, covered with scarlet cloth, surmounted with crowns and pinnacles, and adorned with shields and flag-trophies; festoons of flags and greenery were suspended from each to each. Near the Achilles statue, where the Queen was to enter the inclosure, was a cluster of Venetian gilt-crowned masts, surrounding a banner of plush velvet in Royal colours, bearing the motto in gold letters, "God bless our Queen—not Queen alone, but Mother, Queen, and Friend in one!" At the gate through which her Majesty passed on her way to Paddington was a cluster of richly adorned Venetian masts. The central road along which the Queen drove to the committee pavilion was also lined with masts adorned similarly to those marking the outer ring. It was kept by the Grenadier Guards and Horse Guards. For the accommodation of the children ten large open marquees had been erected on each side of this road-way, besides a number of smaller tents for the use of officials and for the military bands. Of these there were ten on the ground, those of the 1st Life Guards, the 2nd Life Guards, the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Guards, the Battersea Band, the Brentwood Band, the Shaftesbury Band, and the band of the Queen's Westminster, playing at intervals throughout the day.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen had volunteered their assistance in distributing the food to the children. The ten marquees were presided over by the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Countess of Rosebery, the Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. Lawson, Countess Spencer, Lady Rothschild, the Countess of Lathom, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Lady Hayter, each helped by eleven other ladies and twelve gentlemen. On arriving at the Park the children were conducted to these tents in bodies of two hundred and fifty; and each child was supplied with a cup of milk, lemonade, or ginger-beer, and a bag containing a meat pie, a square of cake, a bun, and an orange, which they passed out of the tent to consume. These refreshments were provided by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. The amusements were provided without stint under the supervision of Mr. H. J. Didcott. Twenty Punch-and-Judy shows, eight marionette



THE QUEEN PRESENTING FLORENCE DUNN WITH THE JUBILEE MUG.

theatres, eighty-six cosmorama views and peep-shows, nine troupes of performing dogs, ponies, and monkeys, hundreds of Aunt Sallies and knock-em-downs, a hundred

to each of a Jubilee medal, and by the spectacle of a balloon ascent. Mr. W. Dale placed at the disposal of the committee his new balloon, the "Victoria Park," which the Gaslight and Coke Company inflated free of cost.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the three young Princesses, arrived at four o'clock, met Mr. Lawson, and visited Lady Rosebery's marquee. The King of Denmark, the King of Saxony, and Prince George of Greece, came in one of the Royal carriages, as did the Crown Prince of Germany and other guests of the Queen. Many of the nobility were among those assembled on the ground. The time passed very pleasantly till attention was called to the near approach of the Queen by the ringing of the beautiful peal of bells used in the performance of "Faust" at the Lyceum and lent by Mr. Irving for the occasion.

At a quarter before six, her Majesty entered the park in an open carriage drawn by four bays, with an escort of Life Guards and of the Indian cavalry officers, followed by a long procession of carriages, amidst the heartiest cheering. The Royal Standard was run up to the flag-staff, and, as the Royal carriage halted, the massed bands struck up "God Save the Queen," the children joining in the first verse. Miss Lawson, on behalf of the children, presented a bouquet of orchids to the Queen. Mr. Lawson and the Rev. J. R. Diggle were presented to her Majesty; and, this done, the Prince of Wales led up to the carriage a little girl, twelve years of age, named Florence Dunn, who commenced her attendance at the St. Mary's Western National School, Marylebone, in 1880, when five years of age, and has since annually received one of the medals which are given by the School Board for regular and punctual attendance. No child can obtain one of these medals except by attending on every occasion on which the school has been open. Florence Dunn has, therefore, never missed a single attendance for seven years. Her Majesty graciously spoke a few words of congratulation to the girl, who was brought to the side of the carriage, and then handed her one of the memorial Jubilee mugs. There was a blast of trumpets, and a flag-signal given by the Union Jack called forth the singing of two verses of the "Old Hundredth" by the assembled children. At a similar flag-signal, "Rule Britannia" was commenced, and the singing continued until her Majesty had driven out of the Park.



FLORENCE DUNN, TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

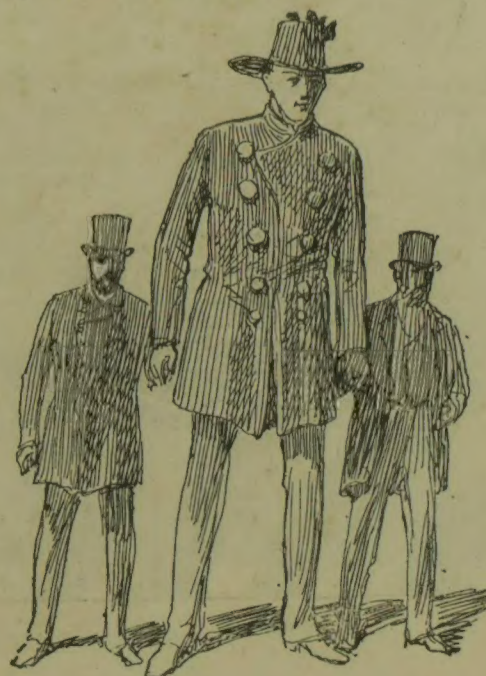
large lucky-dip barrels, a thousand skipping-ropes with "Jubilee handles," ten thousand small balloons, and forty-two thousand toys distributed at different centres, afforded delight to the children, who were further gratified by the presentation



A LONDON SCHOOLGIRL.



IN THE REFRESHMENT TENTS.



THE AUSTRIAN GIANT IN HYDE PARK.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE—BALL GIVEN BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON AT GUILDHALL: RECEPTION OF THE GUESTS.



THE QUEEN KISSING HER CHILDREN AFTER THE JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

"La Sonnambula" was given here during last week, with the refined performance of Mdlle. Ella Russell as Amina, the music of which character was sung with alternate charm and brilliancy, the final bravura aria having been a fine display of florid vocalisation. The dramatic aspect of the character was sustained with much grace and unaffected sentiment. The cast, which was generally efficient, included Signori Figner and Beltramo in other principal characters. "Lohengrin" has been repeated again, with the exceptionally fine performance of Madame Albani as Elsa, and other features of the cast also as before. On Saturday "Les Huguenots" was the opera, terminating, as usual, with the third act. In the character of Valentina Mdlle. Sandra made her first appearance. The young lady has an agreeable, although not very powerful, soprano voice. Her intonation is good and her phrasing artistic, and she has the advantage of a prepossessing stage presence and genuine dramatic sentiment. In the great duets with Marcel and Raoul, Mdlle. Sandra produced a highly favourable impression, and this will doubtless be enhanced when she is less under the influence of the nervousness of a first appearance. The courtly and florid music of Margherita de Valois was charmingly sung by Mdlle. Ella Russell. Signor Gayarre as Raoul, and Madame Scalchi as Urbano, repeated familiar performances; Signori Devoyod and Lorrain gave due effect, respectively, to the characters of De Nevers and San Bris; Signor Campello was a little overweighted as Marcello, and subordinate parts were sufficiently well filled.

On Tuesday the Italian version of Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" was produced, having been twice postponed on account of the indisposition of Signor Prevost, who made his first appearance as Arnoldo. The debutant possesses a tenor voice of resonant quality, and of that exceptionally high range which is absolutely indispensable in the music of the character. Signor Prevost achieved a decided success by his artistic vocalisation and impassioned declamation. In the great duet with Tell, in the yet greater trio with him and Walter, in the love-duet with Mathilde, and, still more, in Arnoldo's concluding solo, "Corriam," when urging his followers on to the rescue of Tell, Signor Prevost produced a marked impression. Some slight occasional exaggeration of emphasis was doubtless due to the over-anxiety of a first appearance, with the subsidence of which, the artist's performance will probably gain in effect. The music of Mathilde was sung with much refinement by Mdlle. Ella Russell; Signor Devoyod was dignified and impressive as Tell; Signor Campello, as Walter, was a valuable coadjutor in the great trio already referred to; Mdlle. Ponti (her first appearance) looked and sang well as Tell's son; and other characters were more or less efficiently filled. "La Vita per lo Czar"—the Italian version of Glinka's Russian opera—is promised for next Thursday.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The reopening of this theatre by Mr. Mapleson—after its sudden closing on June 13—was first promised for last Thursday week, but was postponed to Saturday, when a fresh commencement of Italian opera performances was made with Beethoven's "Fidelio," the rendering of which was, in several respects, the finest that has been heard in London for some years. The character of Leonora (the faithful wife who seeks out and rescues her imprisoned husband) was sustained by Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann, who has earned distinction on the German opera stage, and also as a concert-singer. Her performance on Saturday, both as an actress and a vocalist, was of an exceptionally high order. With the recollection of many great representatives of the part, including Madame Schröder-Devrient, Madame Malibran, Mdlle. Titiens—not to mention other meritorious artists—the impression produced by Mdlle. Lehmann was very profound. To cite but a few out of many instances, the great scena including the invocation to Hope was given with exquisite pathos in the adagio movement, and with fine dramatic impulse in the impassioned concluding allegro. In the grave-digging duet in the dungeon-scene, terror and suppressed emotion were finely indicated; the leading part in the following exquisite trio with the doomed Florestano and Rocco the jailer having been sung with charming expression, in pure cantabile style. In the grand quartet in which Leonora saves her husband from the dagger of Don Pizarro, Mdlle. Lehmann put the seal on one of the finest displays of dramatic vocalisation that have been presented for many years. In grandeur of conception and artistic realisation it was quite worthy of the music and of the dramatic situation. Madame Sinico—as in past seasons—was an efficient Marcelina; Signor Caylus, as Florestano, sang his music well, particularly the difficult scena in the prison-scene; the character of Don Pizarro was admirably filled by Signor De Anna, who realised its malice and villainy without rant or exaggeration, and sang his music excellently, especially the fine scena in the first act (so difficult to give due force to) and the important share in the great quartet already specified. Signor Rinaldini, as in past performances of the opera, was a competent Jacquinio, and Signor Novara must be commended for his efficiency as Rocco, in which part he appeared at short notice in consequence of the indisposition of Signor Abramoff.

The band and chorus were alike satisfactory, the former having given a brilliant rendering of the great "Leonora" overture (No. 3) between the first and second acts—the opera having been preceded by that in E major, subsequently composed by Beethoven for the reproduction of his "Fidelio" in 1814. Signor Arditì conducted. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mapleson will give repetitions of this performance, and that the musical public will avail itself of opportunities such as are very seldom offered.

ITALIAN OPERA.—DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"Lohengrin" was produced last week, with the title-character sustained by M. Jean De Reszké, whose fine performance as Radames in Verdi's "Aida" has already been commented on. As the hero of Wagner's romantic music-drama, the same gentleman sang and acted with great dignity as well as refinement, his phrasing having been highly artistic alike in the sentimental and the declamatory passages. The part of Elsa was sustained by Signora Kupfer-Berger, of whom we recently spoke in reference to her début as Aida. In her new assumption the lady again manifested excellent dramatic tendencies, and sang with great effect in those instances when the objectionable tremolo was least apparent. Madame Tremelli, as Ortruda, repeated a performance that has been rendered familiar in previous seasons elsewhere. In last week's cast of "Lohengrin," the fine singing of M. Edouard De Reszké as the King was a valuable feature, the characters of Telramondo and the Herald having been very effectively sustained, respectively, by Signor Battistini and Signor Navarini. The stage accessories were of that splendour which Mr. Augustus Harris's management has rendered peculiar to Drury-Lane Theatre.

On Saturday Gounod's "Faust" was given, with the title-character and the part of Margherita respectively sustained by M. Jean De Reszké and Madame Nordica. The former feature was a novelty here, and both in its dramatic and

its vocal aspect was a performance of high and rare merit. Dignity, tenderness, and pathos were all admirably expressed, and the result was a model operatic Faust. The excellence of the lady in the character associated with her had been previously manifested at the Covent-Garden opera establishment. M. Edouard De Reszké as Mefistofeles, and M. Maurel as Valentino, contributed greatly to the general efficiency of the cast, which included Mdlle. Fabbri as Siebel. A special feature in Saturday's performance was the inclusion of the ballet scene of the Walpurgis-Night revels, which had never before been given in the representations of the opera in this country. The music of this scene is full of characteristic and piquant effects, and the spectacular accessories were realised in a manner worthy of the reputation of Drury-Lane Theatre. On Monday, Mdlle. Gambogi made her first appearance in the title-character of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and displayed an agreeable soprano voice and good style; she is, however, evidently young and inexperienced, and will probably, in time, improve on the impression already made.

The Philharmonic Society closed its seventy-fifth season at St. James's Hall last Saturday, with the eighth concert—the second afternoon performance—of the series. The chief feature in the programme was the performance of Beethoven's first pianoforte concerto (in C major) by Josef Hofmann, the child-pianist, of whose extraordinary precocity we have more than once spoken.

The Richter Concert of last Monday evening—the eighth of the present series—brought forward Dr. C. V. Stanford's "Irish" symphony, an elaborate work in which some national melodies are introduced and treated with much skill.

Another musical Jubilee celebration will take place this (Saturday) afternoon, when a grand concert will be given at the Royal Albert Hall, supported by members of the Royal Italian Opera Company, including the orchestra and chorus thereof.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

And now to business!—as the British Lion, sated with Jubilee festivities, says in this week's *Punch* cartoon. With a Fourth of July closure—awkward date!—looming before us, there is recalled the lively scene the House of Commons presented on Friday night, the Seventeenth of June. On that occasion, in accordance with Mr. W. H. Smith's resolution, when ten o'clock struck, Mr. Leonard Courtney, the admirably impartial and decisive Chairman, rose to terminate the inordinately prolonged discussion on Clause 6, which was added to the Bill by a large majority—323 to 163. Radiant in white waistcoat, Mr. Smith sat next the Home Secretary, and Ministers one and all laughed with the zest of schoolboys as Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonian Liberals trooped out of the House in the wake of the Irish Home Rulers in token of their disapproval of the summary process that was to follow. Ministers had a warm cheer for their powerful "sleeping partner," the Marquis of Hartington, when he marched to his place on the front Opposition bench to sanction by his presence the rapid passing of the remaining clauses of the Irish Crimes Bill, put seriatim by Mr. Courtney, and promptly carried.

It is the same effective method of procedure that Mr. Smith intimated the Government might be compelled to revert to next Monday. That is, if the discussion of the report on the same measure should not be concluded. Every fair-minded person admits the Government have reason on their side in this matter. It being the essence of the Constitution that the majority in Parliament governs, it is insufferable that a minority by no means considerable should be permitted to arrest legislation by indulgence in the tactics of deliberate delay. True, Mr. John Morley's amendment on the report last Monday, that the Irish Repression of Crimes Bill be only operative within three years from now, was a legitimate challenge. This was supported by Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellite members, but was defeated by 180 against 119. But the great bulk of amendments coming from the Home Rule benches consume time fruitlessly. Hence the justification of the Government in having recourse to the rod of closure. By-the-way, Mr. Ritchie's new system of taking divisions more expeditiously, approved by the Speaker, proved successful at its first trial on Monday.

Lords and Commons were usefully occupied last week in pushing forward the Lord Chancellor's excellent Land Transfer Bill, and the very necessary Colliery Regulation Bill, which will be serviceable, indeed, if it leads to a diminution of the appalling number of miners killed every year in our coal-pits. Not without profit either may be the stern admonition Mr. Reginald Bidmead received at the bar from the Speaker on the Twenty-third of June for forging some hundreds of signatures to petitions presented from the City. Mr. Bidmead will not soon forget the Speaker's reprimand.

The Prime Minister and the late Foreign Secretary on Tuesday exchanged salutes for what may prove to be an animated fencing-match on the Egyptian Question. The new Convention with the Porte was at issue. Lord Rosebery inquired as to "its ratification or otherwise." The Marquis of Salisbury explained that a week's delay in signing it had been granted in compliance with "a very emphatic request from the Ottoman Government," and that Monday next had been definitively fixed by the Premier for the ratification. Altogether, the diplomatic mission of Sir H. Drummond-Wolff does not appear to have been quite satisfactory.

By a majority of 1518, Kensington has pronounced in favour of the adoption of the Free Libraries Act.

Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Saturday, July 16.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Henry Cartwright, F.R.S., of Manor House, Londonderry.

Mr. George J. Rust, of Alconbury House, Godmanchester, has been appointed Chairman of the Huntingdonshire Quarter Sessions, in the room of the late Mr. Tillard.

The Working-Men's National Jubilee Fête was held at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and was thoroughly representative in its character. A meeting was held, Major Dickson, M.P., presiding, at which an address of congratulation to the Queen was unanimously adopted.

Sir Richard Sutton's cutter, the *Genesta*, came in first for the Jubilee Yacht-Race around the shores of the United Kingdom, winning the prize of £1000, having crossed the line at Dover at a quarter past five on Monday morning. She accomplished the voyage in twelve days and seventeen hours. The second yacht, the *Slenthound*, arrived at Dover a quarter of an hour before midnight.

The Inner Temple gardens presented an animated spectacle on Tuesday afternoon, when, through the kindness of the wives of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, tea was given to nearly 2000 little boys and girls who live in the squalid courts and alleys which surround Fleet-street and the Strand. Messrs. A. and R. Glenie, confectioners, 290, Strand, catered for the children.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Players on a first night can be either nervous or indifferent. They are nervous as a rule when they are all excited with the prospect of a successful play; they are indifferent when they are all and are disheartened with the foreboding of a failure. Seldom have the opening scenes of a new play been taken so listlessly or the general idea so smothered as was the case with Mr. Herman Merivale's "Civil War." When an audience is alert with interest it is the most depressing circumstance to find the performers letting down each scene and smothering the dialogue so that the conversation becomes almost inaudible. Even at the best of times it is rarely that one finds an actor or actress able to speak each sentence so that it tells upon those who listen, and impresses them with its due value. The prevalent but false idea is that conversation can be carried on behind the footlights in the same tone that is adopted in the drawing-room. The art of stage-speaking is one seldom practised, studied, or even understood. But a disheartened artist can make all this ten times worse by obviously showing that it is quite immaterial whether the words convey any meaning or not. No doubt, "Civil War" is a trying work for all concerned. The play, written by the French novelist Delpet, and called "Mdlle. De Bressier," is not without interest or excitement. But the interest is fragmentary, and the excitement is so inartistically led up to that it fails just when it should succeed. It is, on the whole, a good story badly dramatised, and Mr. Merivale, who had, probably, no power to remove one brick of the construction, or to attempt the work of rebuilding, was obviously as disheartened with his task as those who illustrated it. When an author is in love with his work it is easy to see his animation in his style, in his English, and in his epigram. But for anything like sparkle the audience waited in vain.

The story of Faustine de Bressier will best foreshadow the author's idea. A well-born Parisian lady, whose father and brother are engaged in resisting the Commune revolution of 1871, is suddenly asked to shelter a hunted Communist. The girl's pity is aroused, and she conceals her worst enemy from his pursuers. Scarcely is the man hidden by the impulsive Faustine than she learns that both her father and brother have been killed by the Communists. Her pity turns to hate. She betrays the enemy she had saved, and he is shot like a dog outside the park gates. Years elapse, and the proud girl—who had been commanded by her father, before he died, to marry her uninteresting cousin—falls madly in love with a handsome young sculptor. She knows it not, nor does he, but, if the truth be told, this very youth is the son of the old Communist, betrayed to his death by Faustine. A double interest is here foreshadowed. First, Faustine's renunciation of her sculptor lover from principle, which is a fine dramatic motive, whether she be really married or only engaged; secondly, her discovery who the sculptor really is at the moment when all obstacles to their union are removed. With this material, however, the author does less than nothing, and that which might have been made a good three-act play is frittered away into a weak four-act drama.

The dramatic scenes having failed, the only chance left was in the love-scene, and here, thanks to Mrs. James Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, a decided change for the better took place. If the play was not interesting, these two actors were. Love-scenes are usually so mangled or made so prosaic on the stage that it was a welcome change to see a natural fervour on the part of the lady, and a passionate expression on the part of the man. Mrs. James Brown-Potter was right to disregard the sneers of those who would have driven her off the stage directly she dared to show herself on it. They were not quite so cruel as the wretched anonymous slanderer who, the other morning, sent round an abusive letter to a young lady whilst she was playing a difficult part in order to ruin her chance of success; but they did all they could to tell her in pretty plain terms that she had mistaken her vocation. But the lady, though disappointed, was evidently not disheartened. She has great natural gifts for the stage. Her very presence and expression are sympathetic. An audience is favourably impressed with her at the outset, and that is at least a great gain. In "Man and Wife" she was jerky, angular, spasmodic, clever, and untrained. She is learning repose; her art is gaining subtlety and finish. She has yet to learn how to manage her voice, and to make the most of a passionate speech; she has yet to be taught that great secret—the cause of dramatic effect. But she has the one great thing that so many artists lack: the main-spring of true emotion. She does not talk love—she feels it; she does not act the nervous tremor that love gives—she becomes agitated. With all this under-current of a yet undeveloped emotion, there is a grace and refinement in Mrs. Brown-Potter's manner that are especially charming. When she said to her lover, "Stand far away, I beseech you!" and then half whispered from her pure heart, "I love you!" there was no staginess or artificiality in the declaration. When she hesitated over the inevitable parting, she showed—however crudely—that she understood the turmoil that would rage in a woman's heart at such a fatal moment. Women, who are inexperienced in the world's ways, never know these things; at any rate, they seldom show them, except genius guides them to the discovery. In a word, then, the prejudice against ambitious amateurism is, in this lady's case, already wearing away. Her manner on the stage is already gaining for her scores of friends. She was lucky to have by her side so interesting a lover as Mr. Kyrle Bellew. He helped her at every turn. He encouraged her to that very fervour in which she was most successful. Mr. Bellew's scene of passionate remorse when the sculptor, left to his great sorrow, destroys his masterpiece, and dashes out with his chisel the haunting face that maddens him, was worthy of a far better play than this. That scene might have been the theme for a poet. The cast contained such excellent and popular names as Miss Amy Roselle, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Arthur Daere, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Maclean; but they have all been seen to greater advantage. Mr. J. L. Shine was pleasantly funny, and Mr. Sydney Brough gives great promise as a light comedian.

Amongst the interesting events of the week have been the appearance of a clever and very promising young lady, Miss Alice Yorke, at a Vaudeville matinée, when she appeared in a new play called "Constance Frere"; and the delightful recitals of Miss Adelaide Detchon, who has been making many friends at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, and promises to return to London after her provincial tour.

The annual soirée of the Royal Academy took place on Thursday.

Next Monday the rooms lately added to the National Gallery will be opened to the public.

The twenty-ninth exhibition of sporting and other dogs, under the auspices of the Kennel Club, began on Tuesday, at the Ranelagh Club, Barn Elms, Barnes, and remained open until Friday evening. The show this year partakes of an international character.

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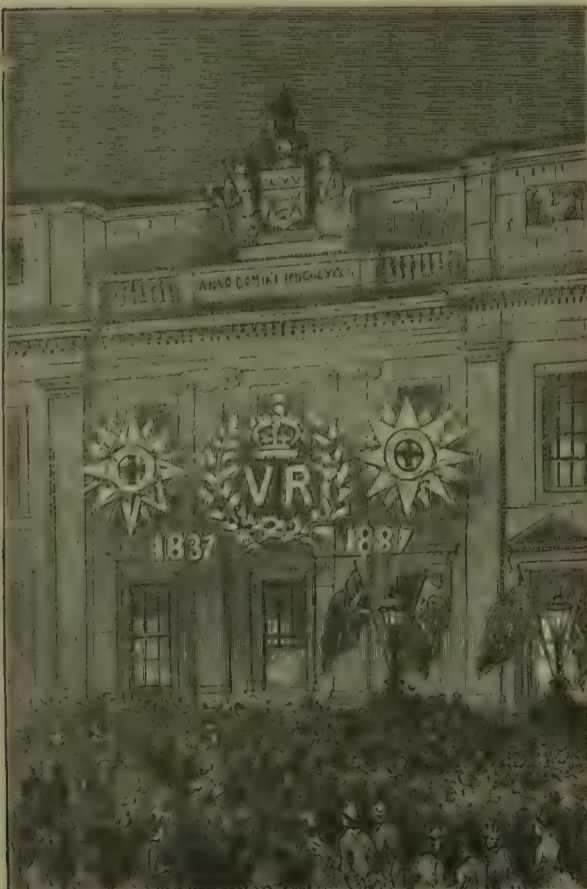
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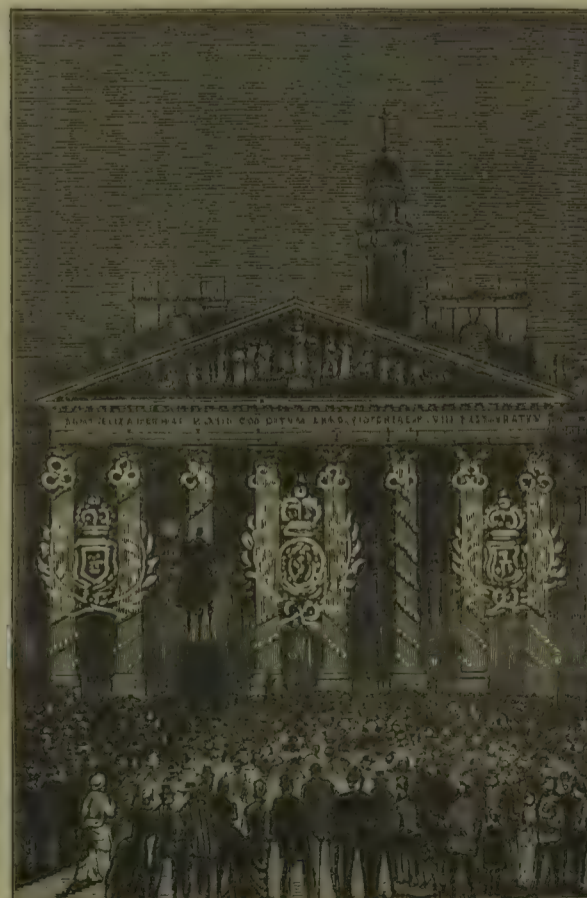
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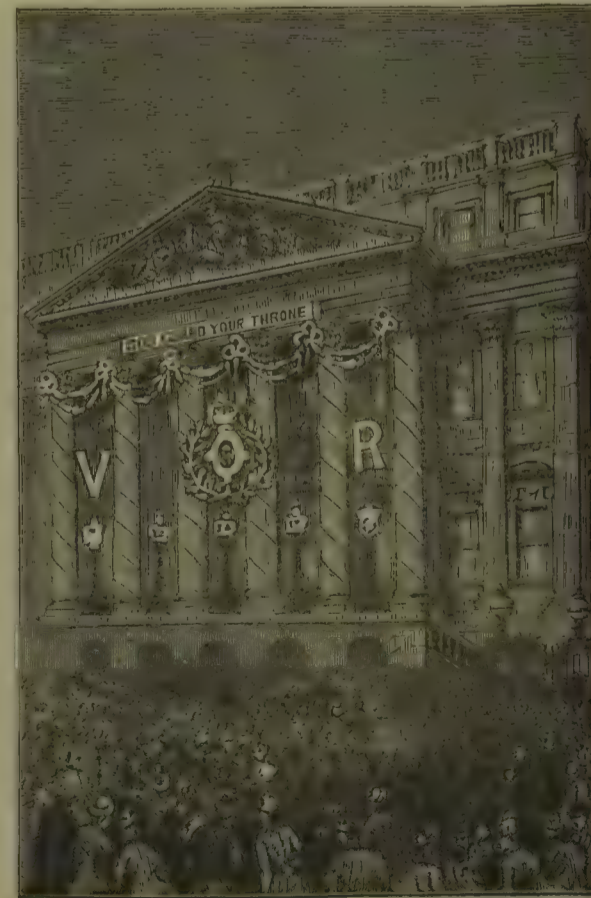
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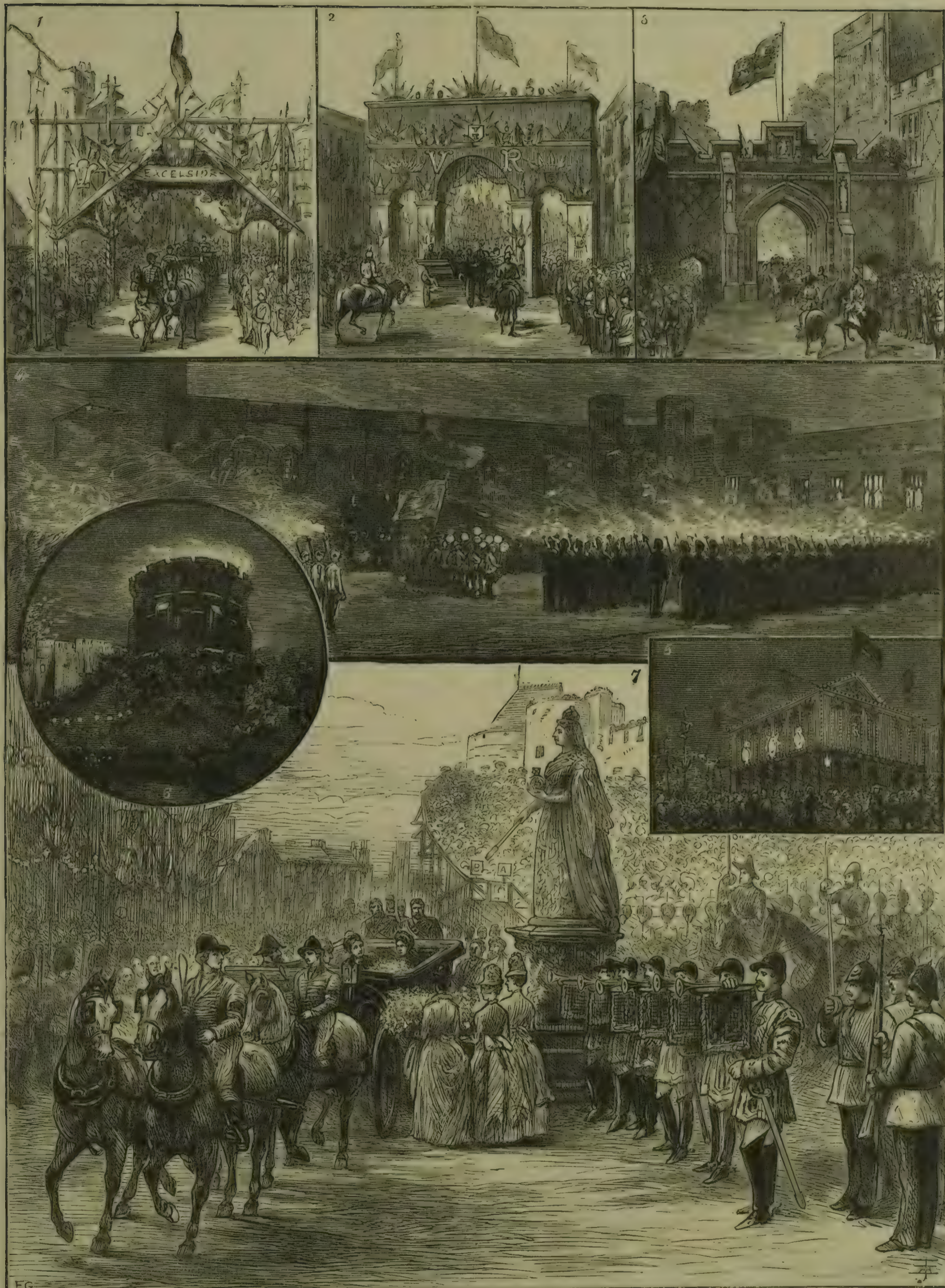
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5. Windsor Townhall illuminated.

2. Military Arch at Windsor.
6. The Round Tower illuminated.

3. Arch at Eton College.
7. Unveiling the Statue of the Queen at Windsor.

4. Torchlight Demonstration of Eton Boys in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The eighty-first anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Kennington-lane, will be held at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday, July 5—Mr. Alexander L. Bruce, of the firm of William Younger and Co., in the chair.

The King of the Belgians paid a visit to the East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell, on Saturday last. There was a large gathering at the People's Palace to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of the library by his Majesty. Before laying the stone the King alluded to his visit to the palace two months ago, and expressed warm congratulations at what had since been accomplished.—By the liberality of the Drapers' Company a great number of working-men and their wives were entertained at the palace during the evening.

Dean Bradley writes to say that the "repeated service" held in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday week enabled the Chapter, after paying all expenses, to divide among London hospitals a sum not far short of £2500.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held last Saturday, the secretary reported that the recent street collection reached nearly £6000. He also stated

that the Dean of Westminster had forwarded £410, being one sixth of the net proceeds of the service at Westminster Abbey on Wednesday on behalf of the London hospitals. Collections will be made as usual in many of the London workshops and by the various railway companies, &c., this collection in many cases being continued weekly till September.

The Austro-Hungarian ball at the Hôtel Métropole was one of the most successful of the season, and resulted in a handsome sum being paid to the charity for which it was organised.

A "Loan and Competitive Exhibition" was opened on Thursday week, under the presidency of the Princess of Leiningen, at 43, Grosvenor-square (by permission of Earl Amherst). The exhibition is for the benefit of women needle-workers of all classes, and the proceeds will be devoted to giving women, who are obliged to earn their own livelihood, thorough and scientific training. The exhibition will remain open till Monday next.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the annual excursion to Hastings and St. Leonards-to-day (Saturday) in aid of the funds of the Printing-Machine Managers' Superannuation Fund. The committee are again enabled, through the kindness of the Brighton Railway Company, to provide

accommodation on a most liberal scale. The excursion will be from Saturday to Monday—one, two, or three days—at the option of the ticket-holder, starting from either London Bridge or Victoria Station; and the fare, there and back, is reduced to 5s. for three days, or 4s. for one day.

The annual festival dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution was held last week in the Grand Hotel, Charing-cross, under the presidency of Sir Albert Rollit, M.P. The funds, which in the days of Charles Dickens amounted to £1000, have now reached the sum of £10,000; but there is still room for a further increase. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £524.

On Tuesday the New Wandsworth Philanthropic Society entertained a number of the aged poor of Wandsworth and Battersea to a treat in the School-room, Usk-road, kindly lent by the Rev. J. Toone. There was a plentiful supply of bread and butter and cake, and the tea was served in Jubilee cups bearing a portrait of her Majesty. These were presented to the old folks as a souvenir of the event. In the evening the president of the society, Mr. E. Spooner, Messrs. Moir, Walcott, and other friends, gave an excellent musical and elocutionary entertainment.

MARRIAGES.

On June 14, at the parish church, Heston, by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Durham (Dr. Lightfoot), assisted by the Rev. Henry Spurrer, Rector of Roughton, brother of the bridegroom, and the Rev. W. H. G. Stephens, Vicar of the parish, the Rev. Horatio Spurrer, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, Vicar of Shildon, to Eleanor Maria, only child of the Rev. William Cumby, and granddaughter of the late Captain Cumby, R.N., C.B., of Heston, near Darlington.

On the 15th ult., at 26, Stafford-street, Edinburgh, by the Rev. J. S. Mill, Kirkgate United Presbyterian Church, Leith, Frederick Reid Sanderson, to Alice Helen, third daughter of Thomas Scott.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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On the 15th ult., at 26, Stafford-street, Edinburgh, by the Rev. J. S. Mill, Kirkgate United Presbyterian Church, Leith, Frederick Reid Sanderson, to Alice Helen, third daughter of Thomas Scott.

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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

Amidst these ancient surroundings, the last of the caretakers, old Mr. and Mrs. Barley, moved and starved.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIP," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST OF THE CARETAKERS.



IN Dropmore Beeches, near Beddington, county of Surrey, stands a red-brick mansion, in the Gothic style, known as Parkside. It is situated on the outskirts of an estate of forty acres, comprising a few acres of cover, and, for the rest, shrubberies, meadow land, and a wilderness wood, upon the arrangement of which great care had been bestowed and a vast amount of money expended. This was in the old days, when the house had been occupied by a family of good standing,

the heirs of which had resided in it for many generations. Pride was taken in it then, and it was deservedly renowned for its beauty. The country people round about quoted Parkside as a possession which reflected honour upon themselves, and the vicarious distinction was accounted of high value. They had good reasons for being proud of it, and of its masters and mistresses, who were to the fore not only in the county but in the metropolis. The gentlemen fought for King and country, and administered the laws; the ladies dispensed charities and set the fashions; they attended Court, hunted, travelled, and held their heads high, as was their due. But other times, other men. The family that had owned Parkside for centuries slipped out of the ranks—for which they had none but themselves to blame. A strain of foreign blood was introduced by marriage, and the heir, born of that union, inherited the vices of his mother's family. He ran his course merrily, and after him a spendthrift heir, and after him another, reaped what had been bred and zealously cultivated in the bone. They played the part of absentees, and plunged into the fashionable dissipations of the city—raked, and made matches on the raccourses, rattled the dice-box from night till morning, were always ready for any mad prank, drank deeply, and borrowed at exorbitant interest—until they had thoroughly succeeded in squandering their

fortune. It was too late, then, for repentance: Parkside was lost to them, and theirs, for ever. There had been long and complicated law proceedings in connection with the estate, and at the period of the opening of this story it was supposed to be in Chancery—which troubled itself not at all in the matter—and to have no rightful or legal owner. Nevertheless, it was occupied by a man who had earned the name of Miser Farebrother, who paid rent to no one, and was not called upon to do so. It was really doubtful whether any person had authority to demand it; and, if a claimant had come forward, his right would have been stubbornly contested by Miser Farebrother, who had papers in his fire-proof safe proving, in some entangled way, that he had advanced money upon the estate which entitled him to possession. The lawyers, for a great number of years, had gathered rich harvests out of Parkside, and after picking its bones clean and involving it in legal complications which the entire learned profession could not have unravelled, had turned their backs upon it and flown to more profitable game. Its fate, long before it fell into the hands of Miser Farebrother, may be described in one word—decay. The wilderness wood, the wild charms of which had been preserved with so much care and skill, was so encumbered with stunted wood growth and overrun with giant weeds, that it resembled a miniature Forest of Despair; the shrubberies were wrecks; the meadow land was thick with tufts of rank grass; and the only part of the estate which had thriven was the cover, in which the rabbits literally swarmed, spreading destruction all around. Not a shilling did Miser Farebrother expend upon the grounds—a proof that he did not regard his rights as absolutely incontestable; for he had a keen eye for the main chance, and money could have been laid out on the land with profit, both in the present and the future. But he was not the man to waste the smallest coin upon a doubtful venture. "Safe and sure" had been his motto all through his life, and from a worldly point of view he had made it pay.

He took possession of Parkside in the dead of night. For at least a dozen years it had been without a tenant, and for many years before that time its only inmates had been the caretakers appointed by the Courts and the lawyers. The last of these caretakers had been a very old man and a very old woman of the name of Barley, who were supposed to have died of starvation in the house. It was said that there were long arrears of wages due to them, which were never paid, because the last shilling of the available funds had been swept away by wig and gown. No one cared to assume responsibility in the matter, and so this old couple were left in possession to do as they pleased. They had come from a distance to enter upon their duties, and nobody in the neighbourhood knew anything about them or their antecedents; nor was it known how they came to be appointed. That they were the poorest of the poor was clear: all that they brought with them to Parkside were a stick and a bundle. The old man carried the stick, and the old woman, the bundle.

How they subsisted was a mystery. In the autumn they

were in the habit of picking up bits of broken branches and carrying them into the house, presumably to serve in lieu of coals when winter came on. Both of them were bent nearly double with old age and rheumatism. Occasionally, they would be seen sitting on a log, very close to each other, with a little pile of stones before them, which they shied with weak and trembling hands at a rabbit or a bird, or at shadows which they mistook for living creatures. They never by any chance hit anything they aimed at, and they did not even succeed in frightening the birds or the rabbits, which darted hither and thither and hopped about quite near to them in the most unconcerned fashion. During the latter years of their tenancy one or other of the old people would sometimes be seen, when the weather was fine, creeping out of Parkside and out of Beddington, starting early in the morning and returning late at night. On these occasions it was observed that they carried a parcel, which, without further evidence, it was decided was something abstracted from the mansion, which they were travelling to a distance to sell, in order to obtain food; and it was also decided that they did not dispose of these articles in the immediate neighbourhood of Beddington, lest they should be accused of theft. If this were really the case, the old couple might have dismissed their fears; the difficulty of finding a prosecutor would have been insurmountable; and, as to portable property of a sufficiently small size to be tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, there was little enough of that in the mansion. All that was valuable and of easy carriage had long since been seized and sold, lawfully or unlawfully. The ruin of Parkside was not a grand crash, in the thunder of which lightning flashes of old glories make themselves visible; it was a long and mean decline, made up of piecemeal borrowings and bit-by-bit sales; of filchings and small robberies; a few feathers by this sharp rogue, a few feathers by that, from the plumage of the birds that were once the pride of the country. There was certainly plenty of old furniture in the house, which had been allowed to remain, probably because it was heavy and cumbersome and falling to pieces—bedsteads, tables, chairs, benches, and sideboards, quaintly and curiously carved; rich tapestries, too, mostly worn to shreds, and rotted by age and neglect, in which old stories had been woven by fair hands. They and the gallant deeds they recorded were now on an equality; the reflected radiance of stately seasons of honourable life and dignified labour was utterly and for ever dead, leaving no soul behind; the story was told, and flesh and silk were little better than dust. There were not any pictures in frames in the rooms; but there were paintings on the wall-panels, so faded now and colourless that the learning of an antiquary were needed to describe them.

Amidst these ancient surroundings, the last of the caretakers, old Mr. and Mrs. Barley, moved and starved. One can imagine them creeping up the wide staircases, and tottering about the rooms, living ghosts, clinging to each other for support (they were both past seventy, and chronically weak

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from want of proper nourishment), wondering whether they had not reached the dead world upon the brink of which they stood. There came a hard winter, and a fall of snow which lasted intermittently, but pretty steadily, nevertheless, for a full fortnight. It was during this winter that an incident occurred in the career of the last of the caretakers.

Said a gossip to a kindred heart, trudging through the snow at least a hundred yards for the purpose,

"My man, coming home from work last night, passed the gates of Parkside."

"He does always, doesn't he?" was the response; evincing in the querist an ungracious spirit, for Gossip Number Two was aware that her neighbour had not walked ankle-deep in the coldest of carpets to impart this information.

"Yes; he does always, when he doesn't go another way."

"What other way?"

"The way of the Hog in the Pound." (For comprehension to uninformed minds, a public-house.)

"That's the way he likes best," observed Gossip Number Two, still with the ungracious spirit upon her.

"You needn't boast," said Gossip Number One; "your man leaves half his wages there."

"Yes; worse luck! But what about Parkside?"

"He saw a woman going in."

"Old Mrs. Barley?"

"No: a youngish woman, looking like a beggar, with a little boy holding on to her."

"A tramp! The Barleys can't help her—can't help themselves."

"She asked my man whether that was Parkside, and whether a married couple of the name of Barley lived there. 'Lives there!' says my man to her. 'Starves there, would be nearer the truth.' The woman gave a sigh, and passed into the grounds."

"Is that all?" asked Gossip Number Two, disappointed in a story so bare of incident.

"That's all," replied Gossip Number One. "Leastways, it's all my man told me."

"It aint much."

"No, it aint. But," added Gossip Number One, cheerfully illogical, her temperament being livelier than that of her neighbour, "what can we expect in such weather? Just look how the snow's coming down again!"

This shifting of responsibility from a colourless story to a remarkable storm—which, despite its inconveniences, was interesting because it afforded a sound theme for conversation—somewhat mollified Gossip Number Two, who, accompanied by her visitor, stepped to the window to gaze upon the whirling flakes. They were thick and heavy; and a strong, uncertain wind was lashing them furiously about, this way and that, with a bewildering lack of method which furnished an exception to the indisputable truth that order is Nature's first law. The window through which the gossips were looking was in the front room of the cottage, and faced the narrow lane which led to the main road. Along this lane a woman was walking, with a little boy, scarcely three years of age, tugging at her gown. Presently they reached the cottage, where the woman paused to wipe the snow from her face and eyes. She was very poorly dressed, and belonged evidently to the lower orders.

"Is that her?" asked Gossip Number Two.

"It might be. She's got a little boy with her, and she looks like a beggar. Let's have her in?"

Candour compels the admission that it was not an instinct of hospitality or humanity that prompted the suggestion. It was simply curiosity to discover what connection existed between the poor woman and her child and old Mr. and Mrs. Barley.

There was not much to learn. The last of the caretakers were her parents. Having lost her husband, and being at her wits' end how to live, she had tramped a matter of sixty miles to Parkside, in the hope that her parents might be able to assist her. Her hope was shattered the moment she saw them. So desperate were their circumstances that she would stop with them only one night; and she was now on her way back to her native town, in which, at all events, she had a claim upon the poorhouse. She did not complain. She had been so used to poverty and hardships that she harboured them without a murmur: but, she said, it was bitter weather, and she did not know how ever she would get home again. While she was telling her tale, sitting by the fireside—for the warmth of which she expressed herself humbly thankful—the little fellow in her lap fell asleep.

"What is his name?"

"Tom—after his poor father," said the woman.

Gossip Number One looked at Gossip Number Two, who nodded, and, going to the cupboard, took therefrom a teapot, a tencaddy, and a loaf of bread. A full kettle was steaming on the hob. As the woman raised her head, her hostess saw tears glistening in her eyes.

"There, there, my dear," she said; "we none of us know what we may come to. A cup of tea'll warm your inside. And, I declare! it's left off snowing again!"

Half an hour afterwards, the woman, having thanked her entertainers, resumed her journey, and the gossips stood on the doorstep and gazed at her vanishing form until a turn in the narrow lane hid her from their sight. Comforting food and human sympathy had strengthened her, and she was carrying her child, who, as his mother declared, was almost "dead with sleep." Strange and subtle are the invisible links which connect life with life, and already one was spiritually forged between the slumbering lad and men and women who will play their parts in this story of human love and passion, and suffering and desire.

In the ancient decayed house yonder old Mr. and Mrs. Barley were talking in quavering tones of their Jane, who had paid them her last earthly visit.

"She'll marry agin, mother, will our Jane," piped the old man; "she was always a taking lass. It's only yesterday she was in pinafores."

For three years longer the Barleys remained tenants of Parkside, and then departed for another bourne. It was bruited about the neighbourhood that they had been found dead in the kitchen, clasped in each other's arms. So little had been seen of them during the last years of their tenancy that but small interest had been taken in them. They troubled nobody, and nobody troubled them. But, being dead, the case was different; popular fancy placed them on a pinnacle, and they became distinguished.

"So the Barleys have gone," was said. "Who'll be the next?"

No records are to hand throwing light upon what was done with their bodies; among the uninformed the general belief was that they were not buried, but that they "disappeared." Of course their spirits remained, to the comfort of superstitious souls still in the flesh. There was a talk of "ghosts," and the ball being set rolling grew apace. The natural consequence was that Parkside acquired the reputation of being a haunted house. The ghosts of the old people were seen by many persons of all ages—who were ready to testify to the same in the witness-box—standing at the windows, or moving familiarly about the grounds, or seated on the roof-top; always

very lovingly arm-in-arm. Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had such an enjoyable excitement been furnished, and the superstition caused Parkside to be avoided at night-time. These who were fearlessly courageous enough to make a special excursion to "see the ghosts" always went in company and always came back with white faces and trembling limbs. Children would huddle together in a shrinking heap, standing so for a few minutes, and then, startled into active movement by a sudden cry from one among them, would scream, "There they are! Oh! oh! They're coming after us!" and would scamper off as fast as their legs could carry them; until, at a safe distance, they would pause, breathless, to compare notes.

Here was a chance for the imagination, and it ran riot. No speculation was too extravagant.

"Did you see them? I did! What did they look like? Like what they are, you dunce—ghosts! Old Barley had a nightcap on. So had she. They were all in white. He was smoking a pipe. Did you see the fire coming out of his mouth? He blew it at us. Yes, and when they saw we didn't go away they got up, and grew and grew till they were higher than the trees. Johnny, come home with me to mother. She wouldn't believe me when I told her. Oh, didn't they look awful!"

Uninteresting as old Mr. and Mrs. Barley had been during their lifetime, it cannot be denied that their ghosts supplied an entertainment better than any theatre.

CHAPTER II.

MISER FAREBROTHER RECONNOITRES THE GROUND, AND RECEIVES A SHOCK.

This condition of affairs favoured Miser Farebrother when, in pursuance of a cunningly-formed plan, he took possession of the estate. Already he claimed to have a hold upon it, and who had a better right than he to live there rent-free? There was a fascination in the prospect. To live rent-free! To have a house and land all one's own! There would be a claim for Queen's taxes, perhaps, and rates. Well, he would pay a little—as little as possible. The Government receipts would go a long way to strengthen his hold upon the property. The rent of his house in London was ruinous. In so many years he would be so much money in pocket—a fortune. Then, he had heard and read that if a man lived in a house for a certain time without paying rent, it became legally and lawfully his own, to sell or do what he liked with. It was a bold step, but the prize was so valuable that he would risk it.

He made two preliminary investigations of the property, and, as everything depended upon secrecy, these visits were paid in the night, when nobody was about. He knew nothing of the popular belief that the place was haunted.

On the first of these visits he was undisturbed. He crept into the grounds within a few minutes of midnight, and made his way to a back door. It yielded to his touch. He lit a candle, which he had brought with him, and entered. All was still and lonely; not a sound reached his ears; there was not a crumb in the mansion upon which even a rat or a mouse could live. Stealthily and warily he made a tour of the rooms, shading the light with his hand when he was near a window. There was small need for such a precaution, but he took it, nevertheless.

"Safe and sure!" he muttered. "Safe and sure!"

He was gratified and amazed to discover so many pieces of old furniture in the house, and he made out a list upon paper of what it would be necessary to bring with him when he actually took possession. His desk, containing his private papers and account-books, in which were entered his precious transactions, a few pots and pans, and some sheets and blankets; the personal clothing his wife would attend to. These things could be put into a cart, and a single horse would be sufficient to convey them from London. He had ascertained the distance—between fifteen and sixteen miles. He and his wife and child could ride in the cart. So much saved!

Determining to come again before the final step was taken, he left the house at two in the morning as secretly and quietly as he had entered it.

His second visit was paid in the course of the following week, at about the same hour of the night. He entered the house, again without being disturbed, and, lighting his candle, made another tour of the rooms. He stood in one which had been a principal bed-room, and he resolved to turn it to the same use. On this occasion he made a more careful examination of the furniture, which, in consequence of the craze for the antique, he knew to be worth a great deal of money, and he was rubbing his hands with glee, having placed the candle on a table, and was thinking, "All mine! all mine!" when a sound from the bedstead almost drove the blood from his heart. It was a sound of soft breathing.

He stood for a few moments transfixed: his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his feet seemed fastened to the floor. The sound of soft, regular breathing continued, and presently, as nothing more alarming occurred, he began to recover himself. His feet became loosened, his limbs regained their power of action. Noiselessly he took from his pockets two articles—one, a revolver, which he always carried about him; the other a bottle of water. He moistened his throat, and returned the bottle to his pocket; and then, holding the pistol, without any distinct idea of the use he might put it to, he tremblingly approached the bed. There, fully dressed, lay a lad of some thirteen or fourteen years of age.

A common-looking lad, commonly dressed, sleeping very peacefully and calmly.

Miser Farebrother, seeing before him an enemy whom he could easily overcome, shook the lad roughly, and cried,

"Now, then! What are you doing here?"

The lad jumped up, and slid from the bed to the floor.

"Do you hear me?" cried Miser Farebrother. "What are you doing here; you vagabond?"

That the lad was terribly frightened was clear by his actions; he shrank back and cowered at the sight of the pistol, but he managed to blurt out,—

"I aint doing no harm, your honour! I'm only having a sleep."

"How dare you sleep here?" demanded Miser Farebrother, in a tone of authority. "You have come to commit a robbery—to rob me! I'll put you in jail for it."

"Don't, your honour! don't!" pleaded the lad, still cowering and shrinking. "I aint done a morel of harm—upon my soul I aint! I didn't come here to steal nothink—upon my soul I didn't!"

Miser Farebrother put the pistol into his pocket, and the lad began to whimper.

"Do you know I could take your life—could lawfully take it," said Miser Farebrother, "for breaking into my house as you have done, and sleeping upon my bed?"

"Yes, your honour; but please don't! I didn't break into the house. The door was open."

"Stop that crying!"

"Yes, your honour." And the lad, in default of a handkerchief, dug his knuckles into his eyes. A lad of resource and some decision of character, he cried no more. This fact was not lost upon Miser Farebrother.

"You did not break into the house, you say?"

"No, your honour; upon my soul I didn't!"

"And you found the door open?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Which door?"

"The kitchen door, your honour."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days, your honour."

This piece of information rather confounded Miser Farebrother, who, himself an interloper, was feeling his way—but he was politic enough not to betray himself.

"Three days, eh—and not yet caught?"

"Nobody wants to catch me, your honour."

"Not your father and mother?"

"Aint got none, your honour."

"Somebody else, then, in their place?"

"There aint nobody in their place. There aint a soul that's got a call to lay a hand upon me."

"Except I."

"Yes, your honour," said the lad, humbly; "but I didn't know."

His complete subservience and humbleness had an effect upon Miser Farebrother. He judged others by himself—a common enough standard among mortals—and he was not the man to trust to mere words; but there was a semblance of truth in the manner of the lad which staggered him. In all England it would have been difficult to find a man less given to sentiment and less likely to be led by it, but the lad's conspicuous helplessness, and his ingenuous blue eyes—which, now that the pistol was put away, looked frankly at the miser—no less than his own scheme of taking possession of Parkside by stealth and in secrecy, were elements in favour of this lad, so strangely found in so strange a situation. A claim upon Parkside Miser Farebrother undoubtedly possessed: he held papers, in the shape of liens upon complicated mortgages, which he had purchased for a song; but he had something more than a latent suspicion that the law's final verdict was necessary to establish the validity and exact value of his claim. This he had not sought to obtain, knowing that it would have led him into ruinous expense and probable failure. These circumstances were the breeders of an uneasy consciousness that he and the lad, in their right to occupy Parkside, were somewhat upon an equality. Hence, it was necessary to be cautious, and to feel his way, as it were.

"Where are your people?" he asked.

The lad stared at him. "My people!"

"Your people," repeated Miser Farebrother. "Where you live, you know."

"Aint got no people," said the lad. "Don't live nowhere."

"Listen to me, you young scoundrel," said Miser Farebrother, shaking a menacing forefinger at him; "if you're trying to impose upon me by a parcel of lies, you'll find yourself in the wrong box. As sure as I'm the master of this house, I'll have you locked up and fed upon stones and water for the rest of your life."

"I aint trying to impose upon you," persisted the lad, speaking very earnestly; "I aint telling you a parcel of lies. Look here, your honour: have you got a book?"

"What book?"

"I don't care what book—any book. Give it me, and I'll kiss it, and swear on it that I've told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"You'll have to tell something more of yourself before I've done with you. Where did you live before you lived nowhere?"

"Hailsham, your honour."

"Where's that?"

"Don't know, your honour."

"How far from here?"

"Six days, your honour."

"None of your nonsense. How far?"

"Couldn't tell to a yard if you was to skin me alive. It took me six days to git here."

"You walked?"

"Yes, your honour; every step of the way."

"Who did you live with at Hailsham?"

"Mother."

"You said you had none."

"More I have. She's dead."

"Father, too?"

"Yes; ever so long ago."

"What brought you here?"

"My legs."

Miser Farebrother restrained his anger—for which there was no sound reason, the lad's manner being perfectly respectful.

"What did you come here for?"

"To see grandfather. I heard mother talk of him and grandmother ever so many times, and that they lived down here; so when she was buried I thought I might do worse than come and see 'em."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, your honour; they're dead, too." The lad added, mournfully, "Everybody's dead, I think."

"They lived down here, you say?"

"Yes, most all their lives; in this fine house. They was taking care of it for the master."

Some understanding of the situation dawned upon Miser Farebrother, and a dim idea that it might be turned to his use and profit.

"What was their name?"

"Barley, your honour. That's my name, Tom Barley; and if you'd give me a job I'd be everlastingly thankful."

Miser Farebrother, with his eyes fixed upon the lad's face, into which, in the remote prospect of a job, a wistful expression had stolen, considered for a few moments. Here was a lad who knew nobody in the neighbourhood and whom nobody knew, and who recognised in him the master of Parkside. In a few days he intended to enter into occupation, and he had decided not to bring a servant with him. Tom Barley would be useful, and was, indeed, just the kind of person he would have chosen to serve him in a rough way—a stranger, whose only knowledge of him was that he was the owner of Parkside; and no fear of blabbing, having nothing to blab about. He made up his mind. He took a little book from his pocket, the printed text of which was the calculation of interest upon ten pounds and upwards for a day, for a week, for a month, for a year, at from five to fifty per cent per annum.

"Take this book in your hand and swear upon it that you have told me the truth."

Tom Barley kissed the interest-book solemnly, and duly registered the oath.

"If I take you into my service," said Miser Farebrother, "will you serve me faithfully?"

A sudden light of joy shone in Tom Barley's eyes. "Give me the book again, your honour, and I'll take my oath on it."

"No," said Miser Farebrother. As a matter of fact, he had been glad to get the book back in his possession, not knowing yet whether Tom Barley could read, and being fearful that he might open it and discover its nature; "I'll be satisfied with your promise. But you can't sleep in the house, you know."

Henley Regatta took place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The Great Western Railway Company on each of the three days ran special trains from Paddington.

The corner-stone of the new vestries of St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester-road, Kensington, was laid last week by Lady Borthwick.



ESCORT OF NATIVE INDIAN CAVALRY OFFICERS.

JUBILEE GALA AT BRADFORD.

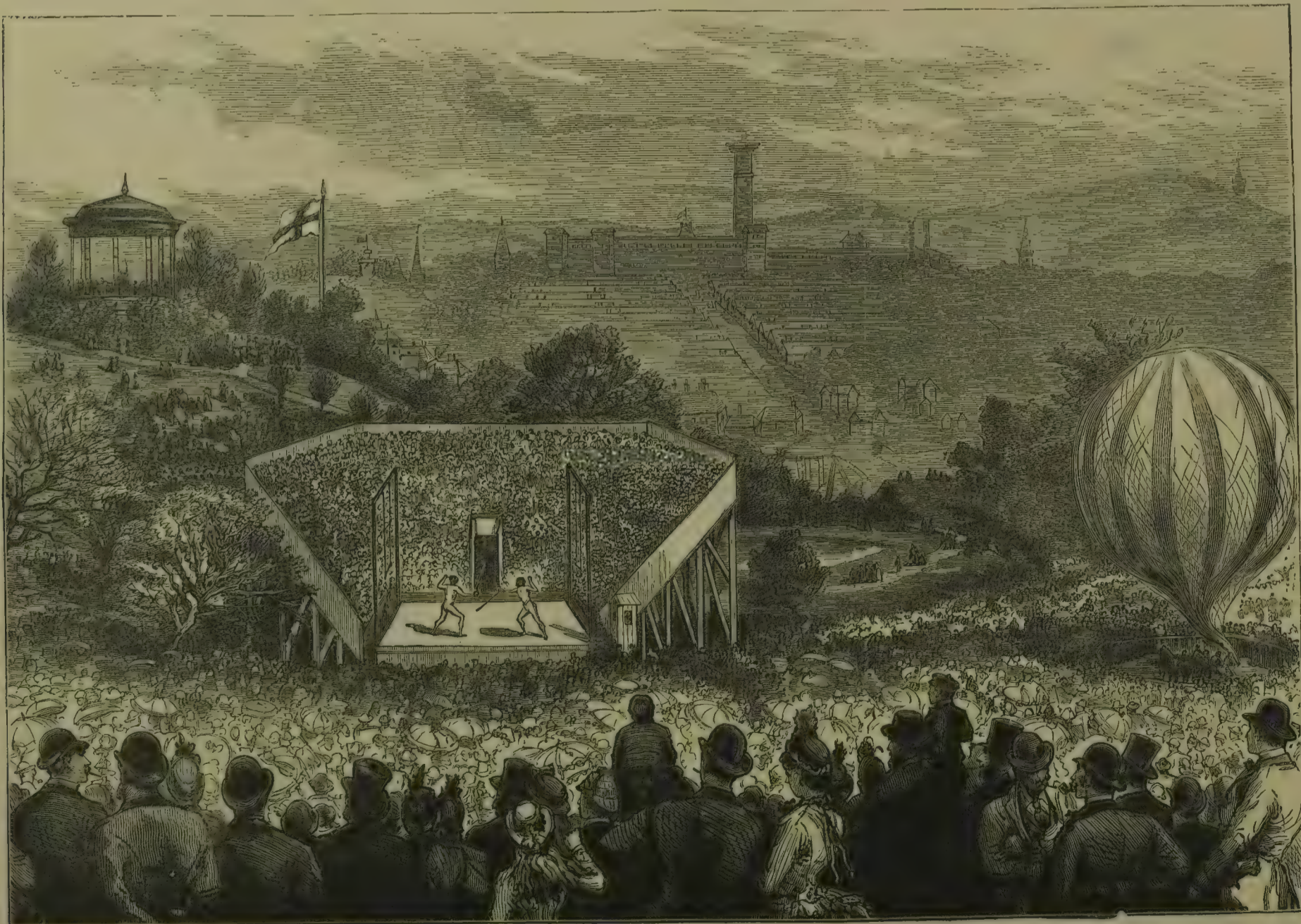
The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in the town of Bradford on Wednesday, the 22nd ult. On that day at noon the Mayor, Alderman Holden, gave a dinner to 23,000 poor and children, for whom seventeen oxen were slaughtered and other provision made on a gigantic scale. His Worship also gave a free gala in the Peel Park, which was attended by at least 100,000 people. A display of fireworks was provided at dark, and bands of music were stationed in four other parks in the

town. On Thursday the Mayor invited 1800 persons to a ball; and on Saturday he entertained about 3000 old people, besides giving a grand concert in St. George's hall, the whole series of these entertainments being at the sole cost of the Mayor. The town was gaily illuminated each night, and was adorned by day with a profusion of banners and other street decorations.

The town of Leeds, with its Mayor, Alderman Gaunt (who is knighted), feasted 20,000 aged poor and 80,000 children, had its procession, thanksgiving at St. Matthew's Church, and festivities at the Townhall.

THE INDIAN CAVALRY ESCORT.

In the procession that escorted the Queen from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, on the Jubilee Day, one most picturesque feature was an escort composed wholly of native officers of the Indian army. The dark blue uniforms of Bengal Cavalry, the bright scarlet of a Ressaldar of the 18th Bengal Lancers, the dark green of the Hyderabad Contingent, made a brilliant combination of colours. There was also, in the same part of the procession, an escort of the 1st Life Guards.



MONSTER FREE GALA IN PEEL PARK, BRADFORD.



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE: ESCORT OF ROYAL PRINCES IN THE PROCESSION FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The Campaign of the Cataracts. By Colonel Sir W. F. Butler, K.C.B. With Illustrations by Lady Butler (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—The interest with which many home readers follow the contemporary or historical accounts of military operations in a strange country is not that alone of tales of fighting. In all recent campaigns of the British Army, the difficult and complicated work of bringing the troops, with their ammunition and various needful stores, to the scene of action, forms by itself a special department of organised contrivance, business arrangement, and labour, which is well deserving of study. Sir W. F. Butler's narrative is a story of this character, without any descriptions of battles, for he did not personally witness the actual conflicts in the Soudan, though his conduct of the whole business of preparing in England, and subsequently directing on the Nile, the means of conveyance for Lord Wolseley's forces, merited the highest commendation. The author of "The Great Lone Land," an appellation that he bestowed seventeen years ago upon the North-West Territory of Canada, then indeed an almost uninhabited hunting-ground of the Indian tribes in the vast domain of the Hudson's Bay Company, was chosen by Lord Wolseley for the knowledge of river boating he had gained there in 1870 to manage this far greater affair. His task was performed with remarkable success and punctuality; the boats, specially designed and constructed under his superintendence, were perfectly suitable, and were at Wady Halfa, below the Second Cataract of the Nile, in numbers exceeding the immediate requirement, nine days before the appointed time. With the aid of four hundred skilful Canadian voyageurs and some three hundred Kroomen from the west coast of Africa, whose employment Colonel Butler had suggested, the soldiers being put to the oars, the whole flotilla of eight hundred boats, now rowing, now sailing, now propelled up the rapids by poling, now hauled by ropes from the river-banks, against the strongest currents, in tortuous channels, amidst perilous rocks, arrived safely at Korti, where Lord Wolseley had fixed his headquarters, by the beginning of January, 1885; and the detached portion, 215 boats, with the brigade under General Earle, who fought at Kirbekan on Feb. 10, got past the Fourth Cataract, and could easily have reached Berber and even Khartoum, all the natural obstacles being virtually conquered. The undertaking of the Desert column, on the other hand, under Sir Herbert Stewart, marching with camels from Korti to Metemmeh across the tract of country embraced by the great bend of the Nile, though rendered illustrious by gallant actions and signal victories in conflict with the enemy, was not a military success. It might have proved a success if General Gordon could have held Khartoum a week longer, or if the force under the command of Sir Herbert Stewart's successor had been in a condition to push on to Khartoum, after Gordon's death, and to recapture that city: but this was not the case. It appears to have been still possible, if the means of land-transport had not been exhausted, for the Desert column to have joined the River column, then commanded by Brigadier-General H. Brackenbury, in securing Berber and making it the base of a fresh movement up the river to Khartoum. The failure of the general plan of the expedition, at any rate, cannot in the least degree be ascribed to any mistake in that part of it which concerns the river navigation. This part only is related by Sir W. F. Butler in the interesting volume now before us,

which is thoroughly satisfactory as an exhibition of great skill, energy, and perseverance on the part of the officers engaged on the Nile route; while it presents a shifting diorama of Nile scenery, pictures of the river in its different moods and aspects, and views of its banks, of the wild and desolate lands through which it flows, the grey expanse of stony plains and the Nubian rocks and hills on its eastern side, the yellow sands of the Libyan desert to the west, the remains of ruined towns, fortresses, and temples, with many historical and antiquarian associations. Descriptions of these scenes by an ordinary traveller with so much graphic power, and with such a keen perception of their effect and of the sentiment which they must arouse in a cultivated mind, would be attractive reading; but in this book they are constantly mingled with the still more exciting incidents of the progress of a most arduous public enterprise. A long inland boat-voyage, with frequent struggles in dangerous waters, can never fail to gain our sympathy in the perusal of an account of its efforts and adventures; and on such a river as the Upper Nile, with such voyagers as the companions of this expedition, the British military and naval officers, the soldiers of some of our best regiments, the Canadians, half-breeds, and North American Indians, and the merry African "Krooboyes," assisted by friendly Arabs, the story is enriched with a pleasing mixture of various characteristics of race and place. It is likely, moreover, to afford much useful practical instruction to future directors of similar operations, either in warfare or in geographical or commercial explorations, on other rivers of Africa, Asia, or America; for the author has minutely recorded, with the utmost precision, all details of the structure of the boats and their equipment, their freight, the mode in which they were tested, the speed obtained under different conditions, and the small amount of repairs they needed. The boats were constructed with great despatch by twenty private firms of contractors at different ports of our coast; they were sent to Alexandria on board several steam-ships, and were conveyed by the railway two hundred miles above Cairo; were thence towed up to Wady Halfa, passing the First Cataract; were carried by the short line of railway to Sarra, and were finally there manned and launched on the Nile. From first to last during the whole expedition, hardly one per cent of the boats was lost; and they were kept in a fit condition to bring the troops back down the river on their way home next summer. In the movement of General Earle's column from Hamdab up the river, which flows south-west down from Abu Ahmed to Merawi, Korti, and Ambukol, Colonel Butler exchanged the care of the boats for the command of a small party of cavalry scouts. We could have wished that, in addition to his general map of the immensely long course of the Nile, he had supplied one of this portion, showing particularly the successive series of rapids or "cataracts," the islands, and the mountain ranges, gorges, and defiles, through which the River column made its way to the conflict with the Monassir and Robitab Arabs at Kirbekan. The topography of the Shukook Pass beyond, and that of Salamat and Hebeh, where Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power were treacherously murdered, are not made sufficiently clear by his narrative without a map. The author was guarding the entrance to the Shukook Pass during the battle at Kirbekan, where General Earle, Colonel Eyre, and Colonel Coveney were killed. He, therefore, did not see the fighting, though he helped to secure the victory of that day. It seems probable that, if the Arabs had occupied and defended the Shukook Pass, the loss to our army would have been much greater in the numbers of soldiers killed and wounded. Lady Butler's drawings, we need hardly say, contribute not a little to the value of this interesting book.

PREHISTORIC LOCAL ANTIQUITIES.

Palæolithic Man in North-west Middlesex. By J. Allen Brown, F.G.S. (Macmillan and Co.).—We never could see why prehistoric researches should not be regarded as a proper part of history; or why geology should lay claim to scientific annexation of such knowledge of past ages of mankind as is won by the discovery of stone implements, any more than by the excavations of the sites of Nineveh and Mycenæ. History is not learnt only from books; its documents are things of every kind which the hand of man has touched and marked. Mr. Allen Brown, an ethnologist as well as a geologist, considers it pretty certain that some of the human race lived in these localities "before the last submergence of the greater part of the British Isles beneath the sea." The valley of the Thames, in its full width including all between the chalk hills of Surrey and Kent and the Chilterns and the chalk hills of Hertfordshire, contains terraces of gravel, besides fragments of various foreign rocks brought from a great distance by a huge glacier, which must have rested behind Hampstead-heath. The gravel, which could not have travelled far, exhibits at a high elevation, particularly in the Ealing district, and in many places immediately north of London, flint weapons and tools, of which large collections have been formed. It is supposed that the gravel terraces, 300 ft. above the present sea-level, were once the shore-beaches of an arm of the sea, covering the lower ground through which the Thames now flows. This being the probable state of the country in the second glacial period, we can fancy the aboriginal folk living the life of Esquimaux on the shores of Greenland, killing fish with harpoons of pointed bone; hunting the stag, bison, or reindeer; clothed in skins, which they prepared by the use of stone scrapers; armed with flint-headed spears and darts, with bows and flint-pointed arrows, with flint-knives, axes, and tomahawks. Plates of figures representing such weapons and other implements, found at Ealing, Hanwell, Isleworth, and in Creffield-road, Acton, are given at the end of this volume, along with similar articles from the Dordogne in France, from the Arctic regions of North America, from Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, from North and West Australia, New Guinea, and New Caledonia. The bones of the mammoth have been found at Brentford; and the remains of a whale, whose blubber may have been a delicious feast for palæolithic man, close to the Tower of London. Here is "local history," transcending by many thousands of years the speculations on early Celtic antiquities, and making the Roman settlement a story of yesterday! Mr. Allen Brown has our thanks for a very instructive book.

At a meeting of the Senate of the Dublin University, last week, honorary degrees in celebration of the Jubilee were conferred upon the Lord Lieutenant, Prince Albert Victor, the Bishop of Durham, the Rev. John Cunningham (St. Andrews University), Lord Bramwell, Mr. W. T. Gairdner of Glasgow, Sir James Paget, Sir Herbert Oakley (Edinburgh University), and others.

Mlle. De Campos and M. Mielvaque, whose recent flight from Paris excited no little sensation, arrived at Dover on Thursday week in the Belgian mail-packet. A French detective had arrived with a warrant for the arrest of the fugitives, and he, in company with the Spanish Consul and a representative of the English police, had an interview with the parties, in the course of which Mlle. De Campos, who is twenty-seven years of age, declared that her desire was to marry M. Mielvaque, and that she did not require the help of the police. Accordingly, the police withdrew.

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This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.

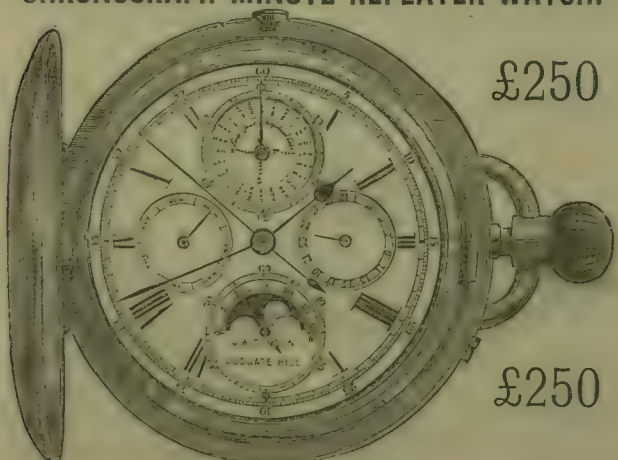
It promotes growth and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

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It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" in stock, and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of the United Kingdom.

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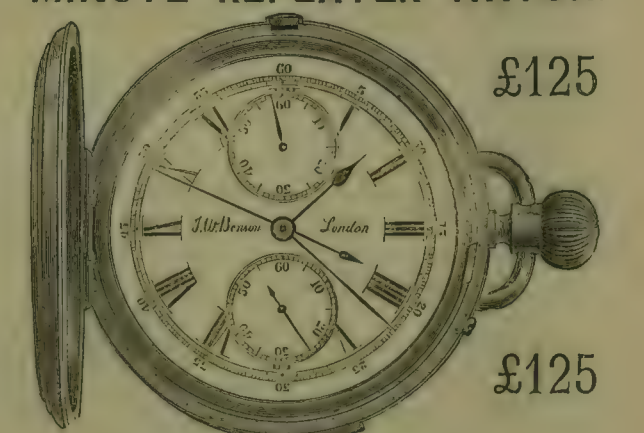
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my anticipations as a timekeeper."

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BENSON'S
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pleasure in saying that in simplicity of action, certainty of record, and unfailing
accuracy, the watch leaves nothing to be desired."

Pears' Soap

*I have found it matchless
for the hands and complexion.*

Adeline Patten.



*Since using Pears'
Soap I have discarded
all others.*

Lillie Langtry.

For preserving the Complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition, it is the finest Soap in the world.

M. Fortescue



ENTERTAINMENT TO SIX THOUSAND POOR IN THE WAVERLEY MARKET, EDINBURGH, JUNE 18.

At Edinburgh, on Saturday, June 18, in anticipation of the Jubilee, the Corporation entertained six thousand poor men and women at a dinner in the Waverley Market. On Tuesday, the 21st, the formal arrangement for celebrating the Jubilee was the service in St. Giles's Cathedral simultaneously with that in Westminster Abbey. At noon the troops in garrison paraded in the Queen's Park and fired a *feu de joie*, and a salute of fifty guns was fired from the Castle. The most popular event of the day was the bonfire on Arthur's Seat in the evening, when upwards of twenty tons of material were consumed. The students of Edinburgh University, who number over three thousand, had a torchlight procession through the principal streets and a bonfire and firework display on the

Calton-hill. The officers of the Seaforth Highlanders gave orders for the lighting of the beacon-fire at the Castle, and also had a display of fireworks.

Glasgow celebrated the Queen's Jubilee so early as June 16, with decorations on public and private buildings. Thousands of people congregated, and the weather was very fine. In the cathedral an imposing religious service was held, at which the Lord Provost and the magistrates attended in their robes. After this service six thousand of the poor were entertained at dinner in different halls in the city; while on the green at Nelson's Column ten thousand troops and Volunteers took part in a grand review. In the evening there was a banquet, followed by a ball. In the suburbs there were fireworks,

and outdoor performances were given by various orchestral societies.

A grand Jubilee service was held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the Tuesday afternoon. The Archbishop of Dublin occupied the throne, and besides the Dean there were present many of the Canons of St. Patrick's and also of Christ Church Cathedral. The prayers were intoned by the Rev. W. B. Stillman (succentor) and the Rev. S. Tomlinson. The cathedral choir was augmented by members of the Christ Church choir. The anthems were, "Zadok the Priest" (Handel), and "The Queen shall rejoice," the latter specially composed for the occasion by Sir Robert Stewart. The service closed with the singing of the National Anthem.



REVIEW OF TROOPS AND VOLUNTEERS AT GLASGOW-GREEN, JUNE 16.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE FESTIVAL. JUNE 21.



BONFIRE ON ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH—FROM BURNS' MONUMENT.



THE BONFIRES AT BALMORAL.



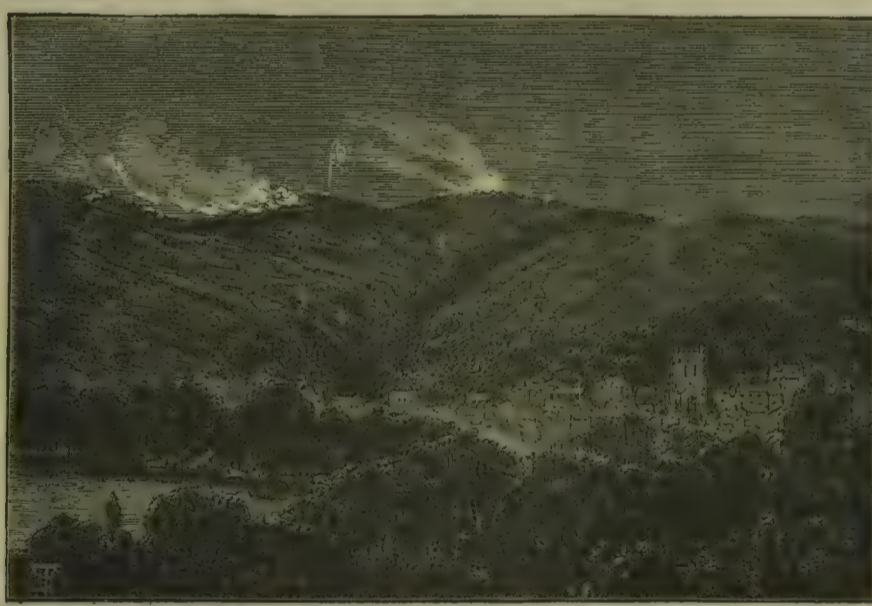
BONFIRE ON CRAIGLOCKHART HILL, NEAR EDINBURGH.



ALLPORT BEACON-LIGHTS, DERBYSHIRE.



BEACON-FIRE ON LEITH HILL, SURREY.



BEACON-FIRE ON THE MALVERN HILLS.



ENTERTAINMENT TO DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN AT QUEX PARK, ISLE OF THANET.



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MATERIAL COSTUMES,
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DR. SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E.,
M.R.I.A., F.C.S., writing on Alcohol in the year 1860,
says:—"The Bushmills. Before concluding the article on
Malt Whisky a short account of the Bushmills may prove
interesting, as this spirit is said by many to claim pre-
eminence over all others, in the same manner that genuine
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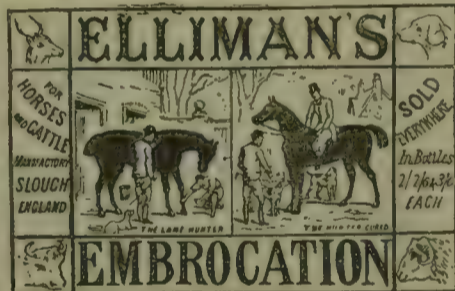
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FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND-GALLS.
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SPECIMEN TESTIMONIAL.

"Castle Weir, Kingston, Herefordshire, Dec. 3, 1878.
"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables
and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also
used the Universal Embrocation for lambs and rheumatism
for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using
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Sold by Chemists and Saddlers, price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.



WITH A CAST OF FLIES.

"Get up, man; get up! Look at the morning! What glorious sunshine! What mists rising on the loch!"

And, indeed, the fresh morning air through the open window, and the flood of rich sunlight falling on the opposite wall of the room, are enough to dispel all lingering drowsiness. Up, then, for a refreshing plunge in the deepest pool of the river, breasting the brown depths with the exulting strength that is born of the air of the mountain, and casting up, with waves of the sweet murmuring waters, a high-tide mark on the white stones that are hot already with the sunshine! Up, for a stroll before breakfast along the warm Highland road: to hear the cuckoo calling across the valley, and, at the door of the byre, the sighing of the patient kine and the soft splash-plashing of the milk in the milking-pails! Cool yet is the air of the corrie as it comes from the waterfall, and all the mountain-side is musical with the far-off call of the grouse. Under the rich-leaved plane-trees there is the hum of bees at the green hanging blossoms, and from the meadows by the river come the bleatings of a thousand lambs. Appetite comes here keen as a knife if one but stands a moment on the sunny doorstep, and the morning meal is enjoyed with a whole-hearted zest that brooks no scantiness. Indeed, if there be healing power anywhere on earth for the wasted body or the sorrowing soul, it is to be found here among the hills. Who can long be sick at heart with that glory of valley and sky about him; and who frail of step with his nostrils full of the clover-scent and his tread on the springing heather?

The newspapers have to be got at the morning train; and it is pleasant to see how the jaded folk who have been travelling all night in the close carriages from the far south open wide the windows to let in the mountain air, and begin to revive like flowers that have just been watered. How enviously they look at the sunburnt school-boys, who have come panting along the line, and whose faces compare all too well with their own pale features. The letters, too, have to be waited for at the village post-office. It is universal supply-shop for the countryside as well, so other business can be transacted while her Majesty's mails, a very small parcel indeed, are being sorted out. Then—for there is nothing needing attention in the correspondence—away for the loch side! A fair breeze has sprung up, and a cloud or two are moving across the blue, so there is the chance of a fair day's sport with the fly. Bring, then, the rods, and put some provender in the basket, for there will be no coming home for dinner if the trout be taking.

The pleasantest road to the loch will be the path along the mountain-side, and old John McGregor can be requisitioned as boatman, by the way. Yonder he is, under the flowering geantree, mending his garden wicket. An easy, comfortable life the old man lives with his many-wrinkled, bright-eyed old wife, on their "wee bit bield and heathery moor." In that snug, thatched little cot they have reared a stalwart brood—sons whose strong hands are tilling their own broad acres in the West, and daughters in southern lands, about whose knees are springing, sturdy as seedling oaks, the true materials for future nations. But old John and his wife will be beholden to none of them yet, and when his little croft has been planted for the summer, and his peats cast on the moor, when the cow has been turned out to the hill in the morning and the calf tethered in the narrow paddock, he is always ready to take an oar on the loch. His broad-eaved Balmoral bonnet and his rough homespun coat are green with long years of sun and rain; but the head and heart below them are as hale as ever; he is full of anecdotes about the last laird and his feats with the salmon-rod, and it takes a long day of wind on the water to tire his arm when the trout are rising.

Quick, though! There is a cloud just now before the sun, and a fish or two may be got while the shadow is on the loch. It was a mistake to coil up the fly-casts in the tackle-book, for the gut will take some wetting to straighten it out again. It is better to keep the flies round your hat. There, push the boat off; the water is fairly alive with leaping minnows in the shallow bays, and if the bigger fish be only as eager there will be plenty of sport. Try a cast or two first across the burn mouth; there is a good chance of something there, for the trout wait in the running water to seize any food the stream may bring down. The boat can drift broadside to the wind, so that it is possible to fish both from bow and stern. Bring your line well up behind, and then with a turn of the wrist use the switch of the rod to send the cast out, fair and straight and light, before you. Take care, though; do not begin to work the line before the last fly has touched the surface. The day could not be better, with that ripple on the water, the wind behind, and the sun in front. Hardly an effort is needed to send the line out, and it is possible to put the tail-fly on the very spot where a trout has risen. See! here is a little fellow. What a splashing he makes as the line draws him up to the boat! The spring of the rod itself will lift him over the gunwale. There! you have another: a char, by his sides of gleaming silver and copper.

Whirr! Ah! here is a fellow worth catching: two pounds at least, by the weight on the rod. How the singing of the reel as he makes off gladdens the heart! There he leaps, for the third time; he is off with a rush, firmly hooked, surely. "Haud up ye're pint!" shouts John, in a terrific whisper. "It's awa' below the boat! Ye'll lose't; an' we're clean a'most—the boat's a' but clean!" It is an exciting moment; but the hooks have not fouled the boat, and the fish's freshness is spent. Slowly he is drawn in, showing the white of his sides. Now with the landing-net! There! he is safe on board—"A gey guid fish," according to the cautious critic. Then there comes the inevitable story. The old man "minds ae nicht" here at the burn mouth. There was a party of three. It was a fine night, but dark, and they kindled a fire, when, whether owing to the light or not, they got a great basket of "as fine trout as ye'll see."

But the sun has come out again, and as the ripple is not very strong on the water, there is no great chance of doing much with the fly for some time. Something might be done with the minnow, however; so it can be let out with a long line and trailed down the loch.

Down the loch! By the little shingly bays where the swan is preening her plumage on the margin, while her lord floats near, admiring; where the keen-winged little sand-martins are skimming bank and water, and the quack of wild duck is to be heard among the reeds; past the lonely farm, with its weather-stained roof, at the foot of its own wild glen—a place for the growth of strong love or deep hate; and under the black crag that rises a thousand feet sheer against the sky, making a mile of cool darkness with its shadow amid the hot sunshine of the loch—it is like the fabled Voyage of Maeldune. Then there will be the return in the evening, when the sun has set and the clouds roof the valley as with rust of gold; up the silent strath as the mountains grow dark, and, under the shadow of Ben Shian, the still river, like a pale-green thread, reflects its own clear space of tranquil sky; to the quiet village where there will be supper by lamplight, and the recounting to interested listeners the day's exploits.

G. E.-T.

INDIAN PEDLARS.

BY A HINDOO.

The vast extent of the country, the comparative want of means of communication, and the general immobility of the people, have perhaps called forth, in proportion to the number of regular tradesmen, more pedlars in India than in any other country. In some provinces there are quite as many pedlars as there are shopkeepers; and in many remote country parts, salt, tobacco, brass utensils, and other such articles, which are luxuries to the villagers, are brought to their doors by the itinerant vendors—the only people from whom they ever buy anything. The peddling trade is divided into sundry branches: besides the general pedlars, who deal in a great variety of goods, there are pedlars of sweetmeats, pedlars of vegetables, pedlars of spices, &c., each of them dealing exclusively in one article. Some carry salt, tobacco, and raw sugar on their backs or on a pony, and barter them in the country for grain; others peddle cloths, brass vessels, and ornaments in the same manner, exchanging them for useful old articles of all kinds. Then there are occasional pedlars, who visit the different parts of the country at a particular time of the year only; for example, the Cabulee fruit-pedlar, who come down to the Indian plains in winter, selling grapes, pomegranates, walnuts, &c., and return home in the spring laden with brocades, muslins, jewellery, and European-manufactured goods sold in the Indian markets, retailing them in their own country all the summer.

In the towns the pedlars generally deal in small articles and fineries, leaving the heavy and commoner things to the hawkers and shopkeepers. They will visit you in your own house, and sometimes coax you to buy petty wares, for which you pay fifty per cent more than if you had bought them from the shops. And they are a very pertinacious race. Somehow or other they smuggle themselves into your house, even when they are strictly forbidden to enter it. I remember one Cabulee fruit-pedlar, who was becoming a great nuisance, and was repeatedly turned away from the door, leaving one day, on the sly, on our doorstep, a quantity of grapes, peaches, &c., which are luxuries in India. He never showed his face for two months, at the end of which period he came to say goodbye to us, as he was going to leave for his country. But it is in the bazaars that you see the Indian pedlars in their full glory. The moment you enter the narrow street, lined with shops on either side, you are surrounded by a number of them, who laugh defiantly in your face as they ask, "Does the gentleman want" this or that, taking out some tempting knick-knacks from their tin-box. Of course, their best customers are the strangers, whom they "spot" at once from a long distance; and their very best are the Europeans fresh landed. Sahib is asked to buy, and very often buys, Cashmere shawls made in Paisley, and Delhi jewellery manufactured in Birmingham, and other articles of which the buyer can never guess the value. And sometimes the pedlar offers you articles of which he never knows the use. The Bible is recommended to you as "A very good book, Sahib," along with Paine's "Age of Reason," which is also "A very good book, Sahib."

The pedlar's business in the country in India has increased with the extension of railways and of other means of communication. Formerly the country shopkeepers and hawkers, whose number was limited, used to sell almost exclusively articles that were made in the country; and they were clumsy, dear, and few. But now numbers of pedlars easily carry in their bags the cheap, light, and better-looking European-made things, and spread them all over the country. Where, in the villages, some twenty years ago, the lighting of a lucifer-match was considered as one of the wonders of the world, now you find in nearly every farmer's house a box of such matches kept with care for use in cases of emergency. And the petty farmer would never have known such articles unless they were brought to his door by the pedlar, who also tempts the country-folk with such things as needles, thread, knives, scissors, pencils, pens, fancy things, boxes, toys, &c. These European-made wares, being very cheap and curious to the villagers, attract them so much that sometimes they part with their very food to buy them. For in many parts of the country grain being used as money, anything over and above their barest need is bought by the villagers with the surplus of their food, or their food itself. In the harvest months the pedlars do a brisk trade with the country-folk, who are more easily tempted than at other times.

Pedlars possessing a moderate amount of capital will sometimes take a wagonful of wares with them, and make trips of over a thousand miles into the interior of the country, selling and bartering as they proceed on their journey, and sometimes visit large towns in order to replenish such articles as may be nearly exhausted. Then another species of peddling is carried on in the rivers by means of boats filled up with a variety of goods, which floating shops travel slowly through the country, stopping by the way wherever there seems a probability of disposing of some of their contents. These moving establishments peddle by wholesale as well as in the ordinary way, for many of the shopkeepers in the river-side towns find it convenient to replenish their reduced stock of goods by buying for money or by bartering such articles as the pedlars may require. A great deal of business is done in this manner in the remote parts of the country, and often a pedlar, having realised a sufficient capital to begin business with as a shopkeeper, settles down in some town, and exchanges the somewhat dubious title of pedlar for the more dignified one of merchant.

Besides men pedlars, there are women pedlars in India, who only can reach the native ladies in their zenanas. These deal mostly in pearls, jewellery, and small ornaments, which the Hindoo women are passionately fond of. The town jewellers do a great deal of business by trusting the female pedlars with jewellery to the value of one or two thousand rupees, which they take to the ladies in the houses of the zemindars and other rich people in the country. Sometimes you see a poor-looking woman, carrying under her arm a small tin box wrapped up in paper, cautiously enter the zemindar's house, when the *durwan*, or door-keeper, is perhaps fast asleep after his midday meal: that is the female pedlar. And she is not an unwelcome visitor to the ladies of the zenana, for she brings a full supply of gossip from the town along with her stock of pearls and ornaments. A few women visit the poor people's houses, selling brass and other metallic wares.

Pedlars are pedlars all over the world; they bear the same character in India as they do in any other country. They are mostly active young men, shrewd, witty, intelligent, insinuating, and wheedling, but not always particularly honest. They have a plentiful stock of gravity, assurance, and plausibility. In the country the pedlars, being birds of passage, care but little for the character they leave behind them; but the town pedlars in India carry away the palm in the matter of ingenious frauds and deceptions. Yet, when a pedlar is detected in them, instead of any peculiar odium attaching to him for having cheated you, you get laughed at for having suffered yourself to be thus imposed upon, so patent is his character.

SOME WORDS ABOUT FAME.

The Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons lead the happiest of lives without being aware of it. Great is the blessing of being unknown beyond a man's own street or parish. The little world in which most of us live, with our petty jealousies and emulations, our small aspirations and successes, is quite large enough. What matters it that the journalists who write for the newspapers and the folk who read them have never heard our names? Such ignorance of "our noble selves" does not affect our appetite or deprive us of sleep: Nature has the same charms for us as she has for illustrious statesmen or for millionaires—nay, more charms, since we are free from the grinding pressure of society and from the responsibilities of office. "Emulation, the strongest pulse that beats in high minds," has its inconveniences. The pulse is often not merely strong but feverish, and men once accounted wise have been known to do the most foolish things in the insane desire to keep their names before the public. In the anxiety for fame they simply achieve notoriety. They are talked about, no doubt; but only to be blamed or laughed at. When Milton's Satan declares that to reign is worth ambition though in hell, he exactly expresses the feeling of the man who is bent at any cost on earning notoriety. The desire for fame may be an infirmity, but it prompts to noble actions; the wish for notoriety prompts to whatever actions may achieve that object. It may lead a man to throw himself off St. Paul's, or to set fire to a city.

The pursuit of fame, for its own sake, is not elevating to the character. Ambition there must be, or there will be no success; but all worthy ambition is aroused by the hope of doing great things, not of having them talked about. There seems to be a doubt whether Nelson ever uttered the cry with which he has been credited, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!" and Englishmen who honour the good name of their greatest naval hero will hope he did not. It is duty, not glory, that has stimulated the greatest deeds in England; it was assuredly duty that prompted Nelson's noblest achievements; that reigned, without a rival, in the breast of Wellington; that animated the noble heroes who have given us an empire in India; that inspired the brave and never-to-be-forgotten men who went down with the Birkenhead.

Heroes, however, are but human, and some thought and hope that their actions will "smell sweet and blossom in the dust" may have crossed the minds of men like Havelock and Lawrence, like Livingstone and Gordon. Shameless, indeed, would it be if the country that bred such men were to forget them; and what could be more stimulating to the youth of England than to be told of the heroic souls to whom the land is indebted for its physical and moral greatness! Yet no effort on an adequate scale has ever yet been made to give young Englishmen a knowledge of what their fathers have accomplished.

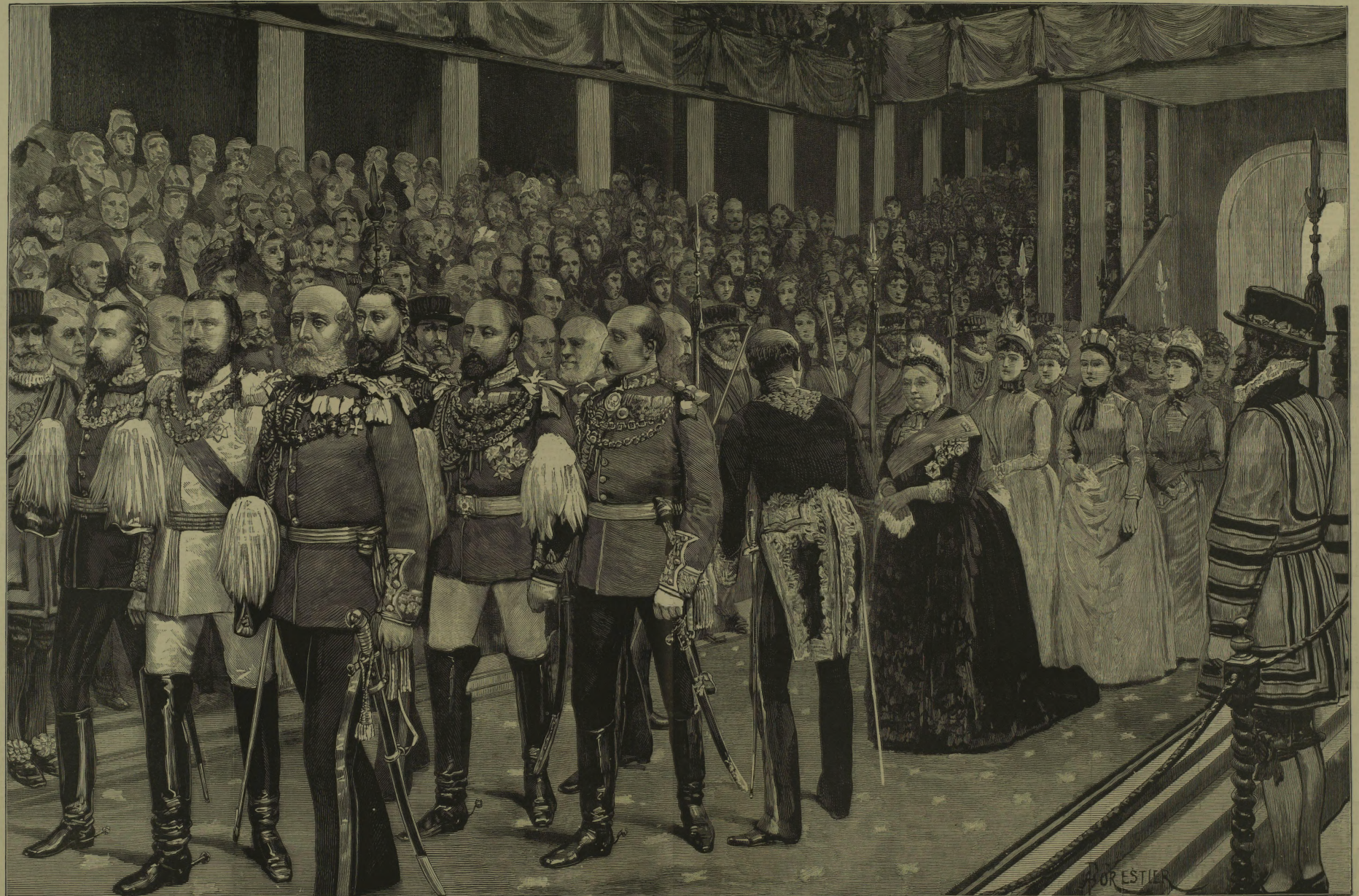
It is a striking fact, but one I think not likely to be contested, that fame of a lasting kind is more readily gained by words than by actions. I wonder how much the average reader knows of the statesmen who lived in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," of the soldiers and politicians who fought on the side of Oliver Cromwell or of Charles; how much, without book, he could record of the Queen Anne and Georgian statesmen—of men such as Harley and Bolingbroke, such as Walpole, Chatham, and Pitt; or even, to come to the period in which we have played our small parts, what he knows accurately of Russell, Peel, and Palmerston, to say nothing of living statesmen whose deeds of ten years since belong to ancient history? If, then, it be true that only actions of the most conspicuous kind live in the memory of an average Englishman—the victory and death of Nelson, for example, at Trafalgar—so that the fame of such actions is evanescent, is it not also true that the fame gained by the poet or man of letters has a better chance of permanence? A reader may know nothing of English history in the fourteenth century, but something, at least, he knows of Chaucer; he may be ignorant of the Elizabethan period, but if only of average culture he knows a good deal of his Shakspeare; on the merits of the great Civil War he may have formed no opinion, but he has read (or talked about) "Paradise Lost;" he may have but misty notions of Marlborough's victories and what they killed each other for, but he has read "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe;" some portions, it is to be hoped, of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and Pope's "Rape of the Lock." Or, if this is too much to expect, the names of Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, and Defoe have at least a more familiar sound in his ear than Donauwerth and Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Many a big man was living in Oliver Goldsmith's day who would have looked down with something like contempt on the vain, impecunious, and ugly Irishman. But the big men are dead and buried, some of them under weighty monuments that record their merits; yet the public declines to be enlightened respecting them, while it remembers with gratitude, and even affection, the author of "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Fame, one would think, is useless to a man when he is dead; yet the poets, strange to say, have always had a strong craving after posthumous reputation. Wordsworth, one of the sanest and least impulsive of the fraternity, expressed his willingness to leave his wife and children and a poet's paradise, Rydal Mount, if only his name might be numbered with the men who "give us nobler loves and nobler cares." Southey trusted to leave a name that will not perish in the dust. Burns hoped to sing at least one immortal song for Scotland's sake, though he expressed the desire with great modesty; and many an innocent verser man hopes in his secret soul that the lines he croons over and publishes in the corner of a provincial paper, will some day be classed among the choicest of English lyrics. Nothing, indeed, but some hope of this sort could lead so many poetasters to expend money on the publication of verses which no publisher with an eye to profit would look at for a moment. The poetasters hope against hope; and fortify their confidence by remembering how long Wordsworth was neglected; how for eighteen years, at least, Coleridge, the loveliest lyric poet of the century, was scoffed at by reviewers, and gained no money by his priceless verse; how Keats, too, was despised, and yet hoped, as they hope, to be among the English poets after death. All this, when one comes to think of it, is very pitiful; but it is very human. The complaint is incurable, and no matter how many versifiers Criticism and Time destroy, others will rush into the breach to meet with the same neglect in life and the same oblivion afterwards. Perhaps there is no pursuit more visionary than this, and none more disappointing. And yet there is a fame altogether noble; but it has been won by men who, without pursuing fame as an object, have justly gained it as a reward.

J. D.

Mr. John Edmund Linklater, barrister-at-law, has been appointed a Registrar in Bankruptcy of the High Court of Justice.

Last Saturday the Bishop of Rochester consecrated St. Bartholomew's Church, Barkworth-road, Rotherhithe New-road. The church is in the Early English style of architecture, and has been erected at a cost of £7500.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ART NOTES.

At the Royal Albert Hall has been brought together an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, &c., which rumour hinted was made up of works which, although they had passed the test of the Royal Academy, were excluded for want of space. The rumour may, or may not, have had some foundation; but we congratulate Burlington House, rather than condole with the artists, that the great majority of these works have found a separate resting-place. These remarks, of course, do not apply to the productions of Messrs. H. Moore, MacWhirter, T. S. Cooper, or David Roberts, and others. Their rank (except in the case of deceased artists) would, by right, have secured them wall-space, had this been their first appearance before the public. As it is, they serve rather the purpose of "purple patches," than of conveying a correct idea of contemporary art. Of the other works, by less known or wholly unknown artists, we will not speak; but allow each visitor to form his own judgment without prejudice. We cannot, however, refrain from saying a word concerning the gallery in which these pictures have found hospitality. It is the topmost gallery of the Albert Hall, admirably lighted and easily accessible by means of the lift, and affording ample space for seven hundred works of art. Our belief is that this gallery might, under proper management, become the means of giving a fresh start to English art. The universal complaint of artists and critics alike is that our annual exhibitions, even those at Burlington House, are devoid of "Academic" works. The excuse given is, that there is no artist who can afford to paint "pour le roi de Prusse." His patrons live in houses of moderate size, and no private person can give up wall-space to specimens of "le grand art," as Robert Haydon's career and its disappointments well testify. If, however, the State, even through the somewhat decried channel of "South Kensington," were to announce its readiness to expend a small sum annually in the purchase of purely Academic works, limiting the price of each, as in France, to a sum sufficient to cover the artist's actual out-of-pocket expenses, we believe that an impetus would be given to true art, and that the English school would rapidly shake off the trade instincts and necessities by which it is at present trammelled. The pictures so purchased might find a fitting resting-place in the Albert Hall and elsewhere, in London, and in the provinces, where space and light were provided; and by this means local museums would often find themselves possessors, at a small cost, of pictures by artists who subsequently became famous. The system is found to act well in all Continental countries, and there is no reason why our insular prejudices should be permitted to stand against foreign experience.

In conjunction with the Art Exhibition at the Albert Hall, there is now open an interesting collection of Indian antiquities, made by Mr. A. C. Carlyle. They are chiefly illustrative of the prehistoric period, and show that, in the remote East as in the far West, the first steps of our "rude forefathers" were guided by similar instincts, and probably circumscribed by like necessities.

At the Burlington Fine-Arts Club (17, Savile-row) there is now on view, through the courtesy of the members, a most remarkable exhibition of Hispano-Moresque and Majolica ware. Not only are the specimens which have here been brought together from all quarters, including her Majesty's private collection, exceedingly beautiful in themselves, but they afford by their admirable arrangement a very complete history of this branch of ceramic art. The first series,

containing 130 specimens, is wholly devoted to what is known as Hispano-Moresque ware—supposed to have been introduced into Spain by the Arabs, and brought to a high degree of perfection about the period that Cordova, Granada, and Alhama were at the height of their splendour. The chief characteristics of all their pottery is the rich lustre with which it glistens; and the relative fashion and importance of tin, iron, and copper as materials for obtaining this lustre can be easily traced in the specimens here exhibited. In the first case is a dish (1) in which is represented a boat with mast and sail, four persons rowing, in which the blue is so predominant, and the treatment so conventional, as to recall many well-known specimens of Rhodian ware. Next to it is a dish (2) on which is incised the figure of a bull, whilst the groundwork is filled up with rich yellow floral ornaments. Another specimen, which, like all the principal objects in this division, belongs to Mr. Godman, is a dish (21) dotted with studs and ribs radiating towards a coat of arms (probably that of the kingdom of Leon), and a similar treatment bearing the arms of Sicily (25) might seem to suggest that these large dishes were only used on State occasions. Two others (23 and 26) were obviously designed for religious uses—perhaps for washing the feet of penitents—but they are chiefly noticeable for the floral diapering and their deep-blue decoration and gold lustre. These, however, should be compared with the almost similar designs of two plateaux (74 and 75), which seem to range themselves under the category of what is known as Valencia ware—a manufactory which was continued until comparatively recent periods. The specimens numbered from 43 to 68 are richer in tone, red and brown predominating in the body colour, whilst the lustre is more intense; but whether this is due to the use of some different sort of clay, or to the substitution of iron for tin in the glaze is not very clear. The most remarkable treasures of this series are a dish (59), in the centre of which is an heraldic shield charged with a cock, and a plateau (60) with a gadrooned boss, lent by Mr. Jarvis. In the next two cases (83—116) we have an array of some of the most beautiful specimens of gold lustre, in nearly all of which linear designs and arabesque ornaments predominate. Mr. Godman's dish (91), with a complicated coat of arms in the centre; Mr. Jarvis' (93), covered with concentric zones of ivy leaves with the arms of Sicily in the centre; Mr. Blumenthal's (101 and 103), with raised, richly-coloured leaves; and Mr. Ross's plateau (118), with a design in high relief, are especially worthy of notice.

The collection of Majolica consists of nearly 300 pieces, of which Mr. Drury Fortnum and Mr. Salting are among the principal contributors. We can do little more than mention a few of the most remarkable works; such as a cauldron and cover (134) of Urbino ware of the middle of the sixteenth century; a magnificent dish (140) lent by the Queen, the ground of which is of a rich blue, painted with figures and monsters in *grisaille*. It is probably of Venetian origin, although no clue can be obtained from its marks. At all events, it is richer in colour than Mr. Drury Fortnum's blue camaïeu dish (146), which he claims to be the earliest dated piece of Venice ware. With a passing glance at the richly-coloured plates 155, 164, and 166, we must pass on to an exquisite tazza (165), probably Faenza ware, painted after a well-known drawing by Marc Antonio; near it is a quaint rendering of the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist (170), probably Gubbio ware of the early part of the sixteenth century, whilst the neighbouring shaving-dish (175) is undoubtedly from Urbino. Two cases (188—227) are full of magnificent works lent by Mr. Salting, amongst which

the bright green dish (193) and the equally deep blue (196) are striking instances of the richness of colour obtainable. The case containing specimens (284 to 307) is especially interesting as showing the remarkable lustre of Gubbio ware at various periods of its manufacture; and the next case (317—378) is distinguished by the excellent design and painting to be met with on Pesaro, Urbino, and Gubbio majolica. The other "fabrics," such as Castel Durante, Caffagiolo, and Genoa are but poorly represented; and Forlì, L'Ermini, and Deruta not at all; but these and other Italian "marks" interest rather the antiquary than the artist, and the object of the committee of the Burlington Fine-Arts Club on the present occasion seems to have been to bring together the most beautiful specimens of majolica attainable. In this respect their efforts have been crowned with complete success.

A bronze statue of Sir William Wallace was unveiled last Saturday at the National Wallace Monument, Stirling, in the presence of a large gathering. The monument is situated on a height 300 ft. above the plain, and on this, 50 ft. from the base, is placed the figure, which stands 21 ft. high to the tip of the sword. The Marquis of Bute presided, and, speaking of national sentiment, said that Englishmen and Scotchmen might be excellent friends, but it was scientifically and physiologically true that Scotchmen could never be Englishmen, nor Englishmen, Scotchmen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson gave a garden party—their first this season—at Lambeth Palace last Saturday, when they were "at home" from four to seven o'clock. A large number of friends and many clergy availed themselves of the invitations. Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii and the Princess Liliuokalani, attended by R. F. Syngé and Colonel James Boyd, aide-de-camp, arrived shortly after six o'clock, in one of her Majesty's carriages, and were received by the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson on the south lawn. The Queen and party stayed about an hour. The boys' band of the East London Industrial School, Lewisham, attended, and played during the reception.

Explorers sent out by Governor Torres of Sonora, to ascertain the existence of a volcano, as reported, near Bavispe, Sonora, have, says the *New York Herald*, returned. They report an active volcano fourteen miles south-east of Bavispe, in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The party could not approach nearer than within four miles of the mountains. The crater was pouring forth immense volumes of smoke, fire, and lava. Boiling water issued from the side of the mountain, and lava in vast waves slowly poured down the mountain side into the canyons, which are being filled up. The boiling water has destroyed all vegetation in the valleys in the vicinity. One peculiar feature of the volcano is its great activity. Boulders weighing tons are hurled down from the crater. The exploring party says the noise proceeding from the mountain was most terrific—like a number of vast engines at work, accompanied by sounds of thunder. The air was dense with smoke and cinders. The party had great difficulty in approaching within four miles of the mountain, owing to the great chasms made by the earthquake, and all the roads and trails are totally wiped out. The country is fearfully broken up. The entire surface of the earth presents a woebegone appearance, and not a bird or living thing could be seen within ten miles of the volcano. The town of Bavispe is a complete ruin. The people have all moved out on the high plains, and are living in tents. There has been a constant tremor and continual series of shocks daily since the first earthquake shock.

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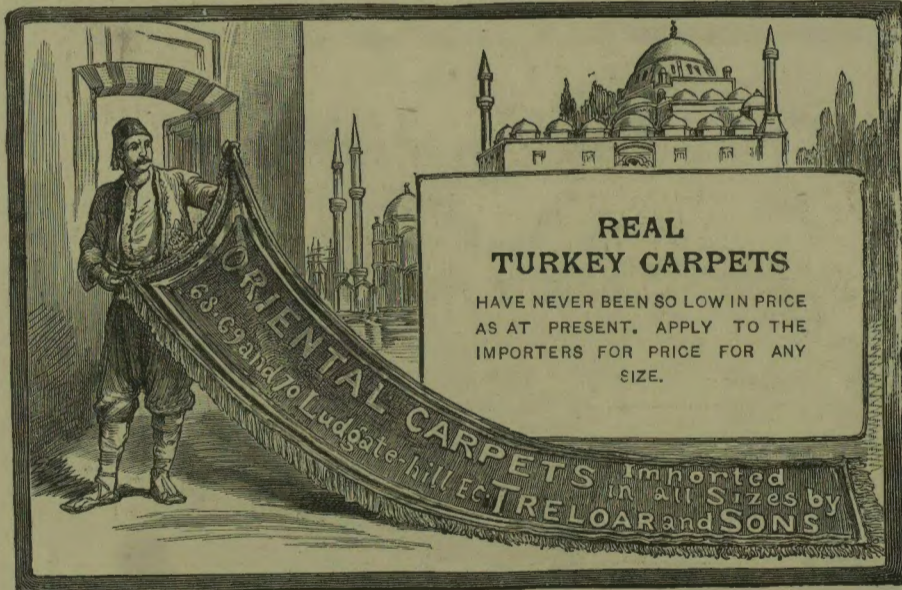
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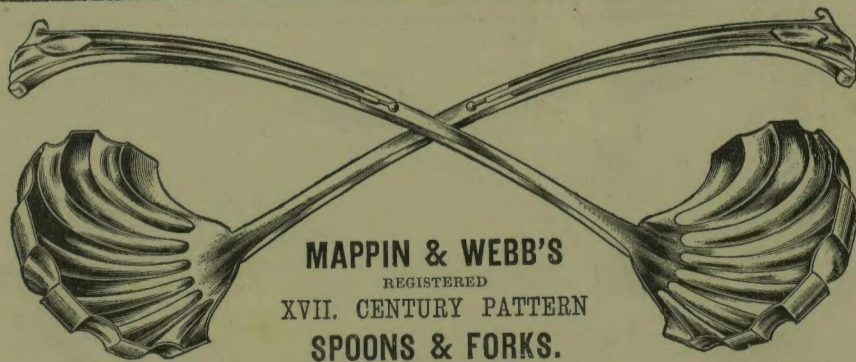
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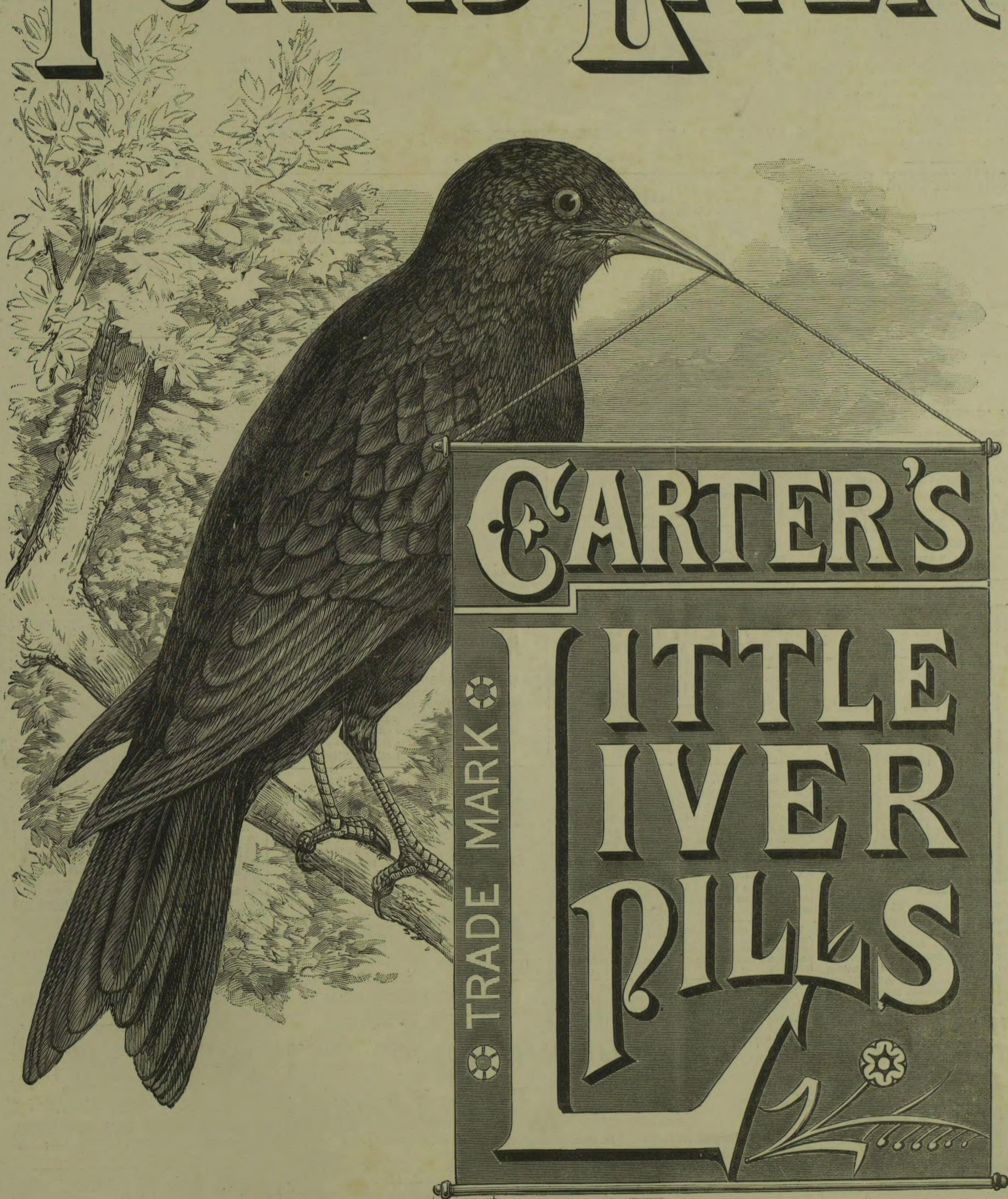
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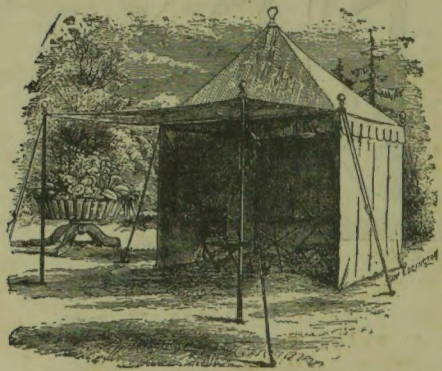
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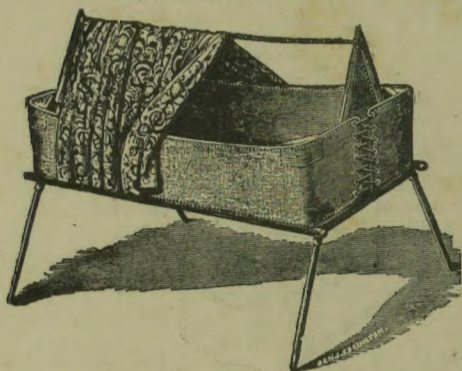
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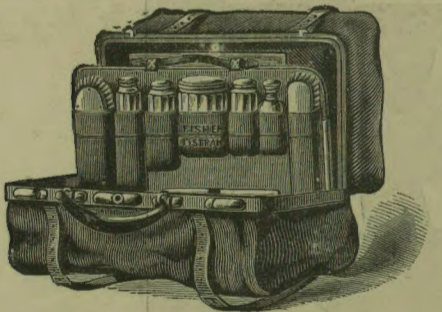
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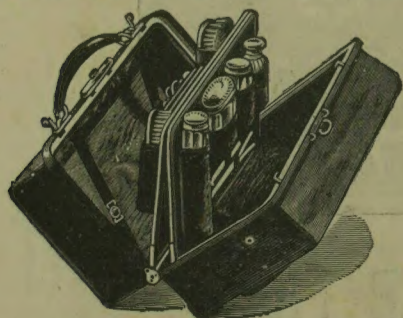
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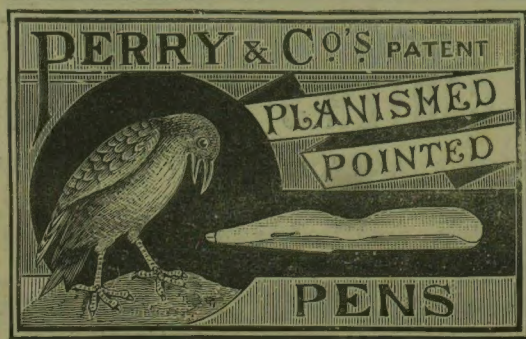
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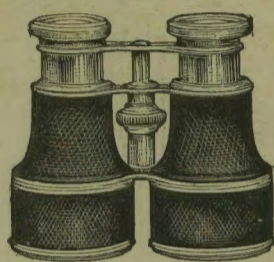
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